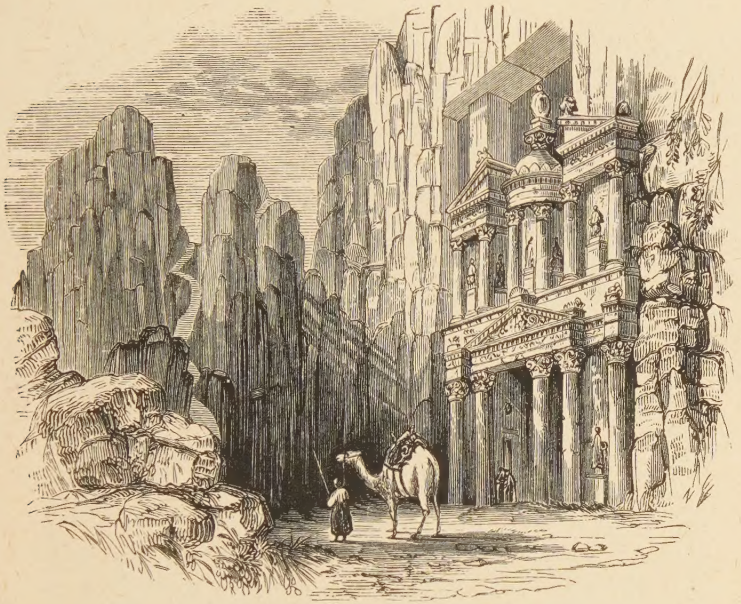
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1895.

PETRA, THE ROCK CITY OF EDOM.*



PETRA, THE ROCK CITY—JEREMIAH XLIX. 16–18.

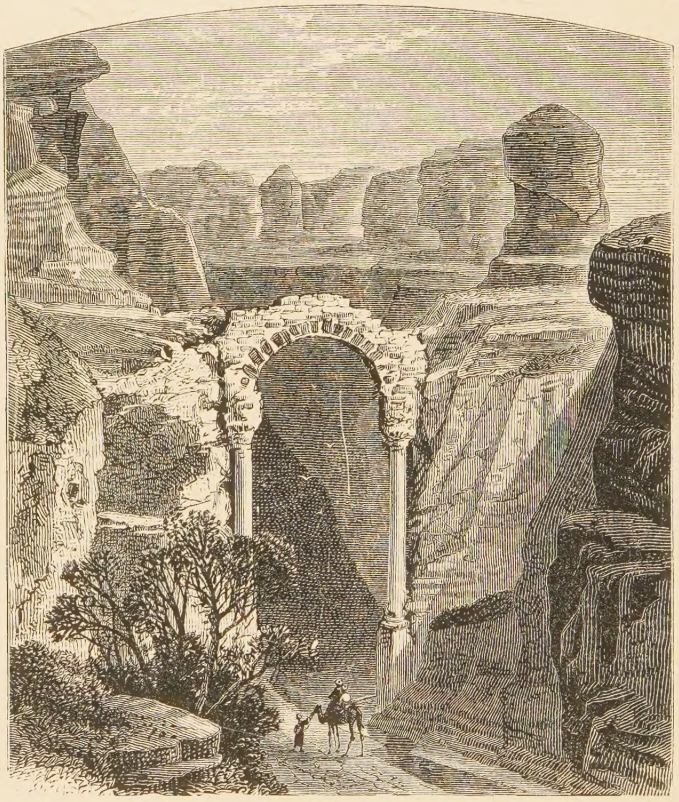
AMONG the most striking confirmations of the Scriptures are those derived from the testimony of ancient cities and civilizations long forgotten by mankind. The explorer has often been the best commentator, and the spade his best critical instrument. The discoveries of Layard and Rawlinson, amid the ruins of ancient Babylon and Nineveh; of Belzoni and Petrie, among the tombs of Egypt; of Conder, and Wilson, and Warren, amid the *tels* and mounds of Palestine, have brought strongest corroboration of some of the most questioned statements of the Bible. The clay tablets of Assyria, with their traditions of the creation and the deluge, the Rosetta stone and the Moab inscription, the Babylonian slabs on the walls of the British Museum, and the incised inscriptions on the pylons of the great temple of Karnak, are illustrations of the minute fulfilment of prophecy, all the more striking because it is impossible that they could have been feigned or forged. But none of these ancient tablets are more remarkable than the rediscovery and exploration, after it had been forgotten for a thousand years, of the rock city

* Compiled by the Editor from various authorities.

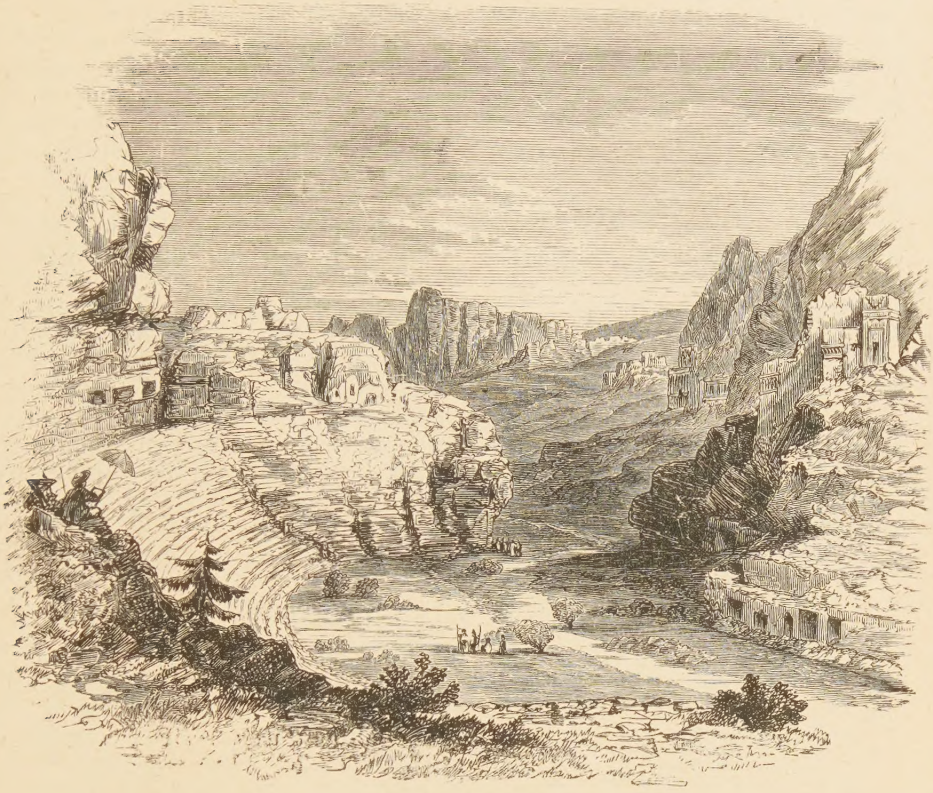
of Petra, the ancient stronghold of Edom.

The architectural remains and natural beauties of Petra serve to make the solitude and desolation that prevail deeply and almost overpoweringly impressive, and show with what minute accuracy the words of the prophet have been fulfilled—Isaiah xxxiv. 11: "But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness." Being deserted of man, the place now affords a residence only for beasts and birds. Yet for centuries, this, which may be well denominated one of the wonders of the world, remained hidden and unknown; for it was not earlier than 1811, when Burkhardt discovered its forgotten site, and drew the attention of the civilized world to its mournful spectacle of prostrate grandeur and utter desolation.

Petra lay at the foot of Mount Hor, in the Wady Mousa, two days' journey south of the Dead Sea, and the same distance north of the Red Sea. The principal entrance to the city is through a long, narrow defile in the mountains, in which, for nearly two hours, the path winds among wild and picturesque masses of gray and red granite, greenstone and yellow sandstone. The ruined city lies in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains, and ap-



GATEWAY OF SIK—ENTRANCE TO PETRA.



AMPHITHEATRE AT PETRA.

pears to have covered more than a mile in length, nearly from north to south, by a variable breadth of about half a mile. The rocky walls rise almost perpendicularly to the height of six or seven hundred feet.

The chief public edifices occupied the banks of the river, on the south side of which an edifice is still standing, called "Pharaoh's Treasure," which seems to have been a palace. The excavations in the solid rock, however, are by far the most deserving of notice. Whether formed for temples, tombs, or the dwellings of living men, they surprise the visitor by their incredible number and extent. They are seen in precipitous rocks along the approaches to the place. If instead of following the sinuosities of the mountain and its numerous gorges, they were ranged in regular order, like the houses of a well-built city, they would form a street not less than five or six miles in length. They are often seen rising one above another in the face of the cliff; convenient steps, now much worn, lead in all directions through the fissures, and along the sides of the mountains, to the various tombs that occupy these lofty positions. Some of them are not less than from two to three or four hundred feet above the level of the valley.

Besides the unadorned habitations of the humble dead, there is a vast number of excavations enriched with various architectural designs. To these unique and sumptuous monuments of the most ancient races of men, Petra is indebted for its great and peculiar attractions. The front of the mountain is wrought into

façades of splendid temples, rivalling in their aspect and symmetry the most celebrated monuments of Grecian art. Columns of various orders, graceful pediments, broad, rich entablatures, and sometimes statuary, all hewn out of the solid rock, and still making part of the native mass, transform the base of the mountain into a vast, splendid pile of architecture; while the overhanging cliffs, towering above in shapes rugged and wild, produce the most striking and curious of contrasts.

But nothing contributes so much to the almost magical effect of some of these monuments, as the rich and various colours of the rock in which they are formed. The mountains that encompass the vale of Petra are of sandstone, of which red is the predominating hue. But many of them are adorned with a profusion of the most lovely and brilliant colours. Red, purple, yellow, azure, or sky-blue, black, and white, are seen in the same mass, distinctly in successive layers, or blended so as to form every shade and hue—as brilliant and as soft as they ever appear in flowers, in the plumage of birds, or in the sky when illuminated by the most glorious sunset.

The Khuzneh, or "Pharaoh's Treasure," struck Robinson with amazement and delight: "All at once the beautiful façade of the Khuzneh in the western precipice burst upon our view in all the delicacy of its first chiselling, and in all the freshness of beauty of its soft colouring. Nothing I had seen of architectural effect in Rome or Thebes, or even Athens, comes up to it in the first impression. Its wonderful state of preservation, the glow and tint of the stone, and the wild scenery around, all are unique, and combine to take complete possession of the mind. There it stands, as it has stood for ages, in beauty and loneliness; the generations which admired and rejoiced over it of old have passed away; the wild Arab, as he wanders by, regards it with stupid indifference or scorn; and none are left, but strangers from distant lands, to do it reverence. Its rich roseate tints, as I bade it farewell, were gilded by the mellow beams of the morning sun; and I turned away from it at length with an impression which will be effaced only by death."

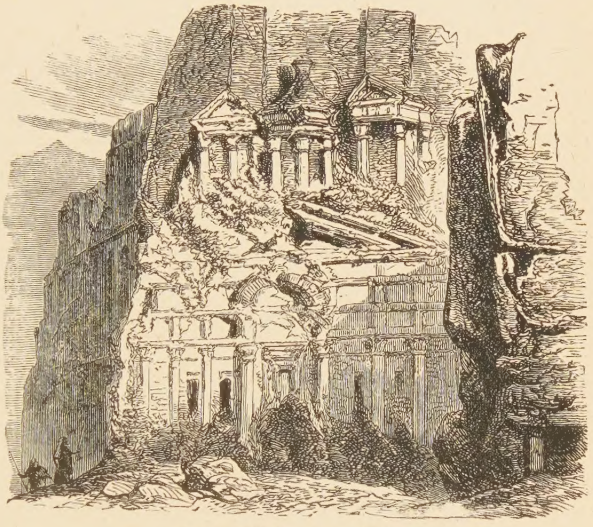
The name Khuzneh is given because the Arabs think the place contains the treasure which they ascribe to Pharaoh, and which they suppose to be held in the urn crowning the summit of its ornamental front, a hundred feet above the ground. Their only interest in all these monuments is to search for hidden treasures; and, as they find nothing elsewhere, they fancy they are in the urn, which to them is inaccessible. It bears the marks of many musket-balls, which they have fired at it, in the hope of breaking it to pieces, and thus obtaining the imagined wealth.

Robinson thus describes the general impression which he received: "Around us were the desolations of ages—the dwellings and edifices of the ancient city crumbled and strewed in the dust—the mausolea of the dead, in all their pristine beauty and freshness, but long since rifled, and the ashes of their tenants scattered to the winds. Well might there be the stillness of death; for it was the grave itself—a city of the dead by which we were surrounded."

History gives but scanty details of this rock-hewn city which once received the caravans of Arabia, India and Persia, and sent their rich stores on to Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Greece. A city whose king, during the last melancholy tragedies of Jewish independence, marched out at the head of fifty thousand men, entered Jerusalem, and besieged the temple until commanded by Rome to desist—its site was lost to civilization for nearly a thousand years.

Under the name of Bozrah it is mentioned in the Old Testament—Isa. xxxiv. 6; lxiii. 1. Jer. xlix. 13, 22. Amos i. 12. It was very ancient; for it is referred to in Gen. xxxvi. 33, as the native city of one of the princes of Edom, who lived "before there reigned any king over the children of Israel." It is spoken of in terms which seem to indicate that it was the capital of Edom or Idumæa. We, are, then, inclined to identify Bozrah with Petra.

Josephus mentions Petra as the capital of Arabia Petræa. In the reign of Trajan, it came under the sway of the Romans. His successor, Adrian, appears to have granted privileges to Petra, which led the inhabitants to give his name to the city upon coins. In the sixth century, Petra was the Metropolitan See of what was termed the third Palestine. From that time Petra suddenly vanished from the pages of history till rediscovered in our own times.



ROCK-TOMB AT PETRA.

These remarkable ruins of Petra are continually guarded by a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who live in the village of Eljy, about two miles north-east. They keep careful watch, because they believe that it is the object of every white traveller who visits Petra to discover and carry away the riches of antiquity there hidden. Many a would-be visitor has been driven back from the very gates, robbed and insulted, without so much as a bird's-eye view of Petra to compensate him for ten days of hard desert travel.

The sides of the mountains are cut to smooth perpendicular faces, which are occupied by unbroken ranges of temples and of homes for the living and the dead. The interiors behind the ornate fronts are but caves squared by the old stone-cutter, and are lighted only by their doors. While the bases and beetling sides of the mountains are fashioned into architectural forms that are as enduring as the eternal hills from which they are hewn, the picturesque summits above display nature in her wildest and most savage garb.

The following is the graphic account by Mr. E. L. Wilson of his recent visit: We followed a stream a few yards, and descending, as the pass narrowed, the entrance of the frightful chasm, seen afar off at sunrise, was reached at last. What an impregnable gateway! Spanning it is a fine buttressed arch, resting upon rock-cut foundations. Beneath this a little stream gurgles. We followed it through the only entrance—the "front door" of Petra. It is difficult to conceive anything more sublime.

When we had come fairly inside the gorge, we found it at times so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. Its perpendicular sides

vary in height from four hundred to seven hundred feet, and frequently, without absolutely meeting, they overhang to such a degree that the sky is shut out from the sight for a hundred yards at a stretch.

We scraped away the *débris* to the depth of nearly two feet, and reached the antique pavement. It was found deeply furrowed by the tires of the chariot-wheels which once coursed along this cavernous highway—as deeply cut as some of the lava pavements of resurrected Pompeii.

At every turn we saw evidences of indefatigable effort, and of how lavishly labour was expended by the people who lived in Petra in its days of power. All seemed the work of some giant magician's wand. The defile, indeed, is called Wady Mousa by the Arabs, because they believe that the Patriarch Moses, by one stroke of his staff, caused the mountains to separate and to form this tremendous fissure in order to enable him to pass on to Mount Hor, accompanying Aaron, to help him die and lay him at rest. For nearly two miles we followed this semi-subterranean passage. The pathway now descended; the water grew deeper, the opposing thicket more impassable, the scene more grand. A sudden turn in the gorge was passed; and, as I looked skyward, through the rocky vista, I caught the first glimpse of that remarkable creation, the Khuzneh! Only partly seen at first, beyond the tall, narrow opening, carved in stone of a pale rose colour, were columns, capitals, and cornices, as new-looking as if of yesterday. With what subtle judgment was the site chosen! But when and by whom, no one knows—mysterious history conceals.

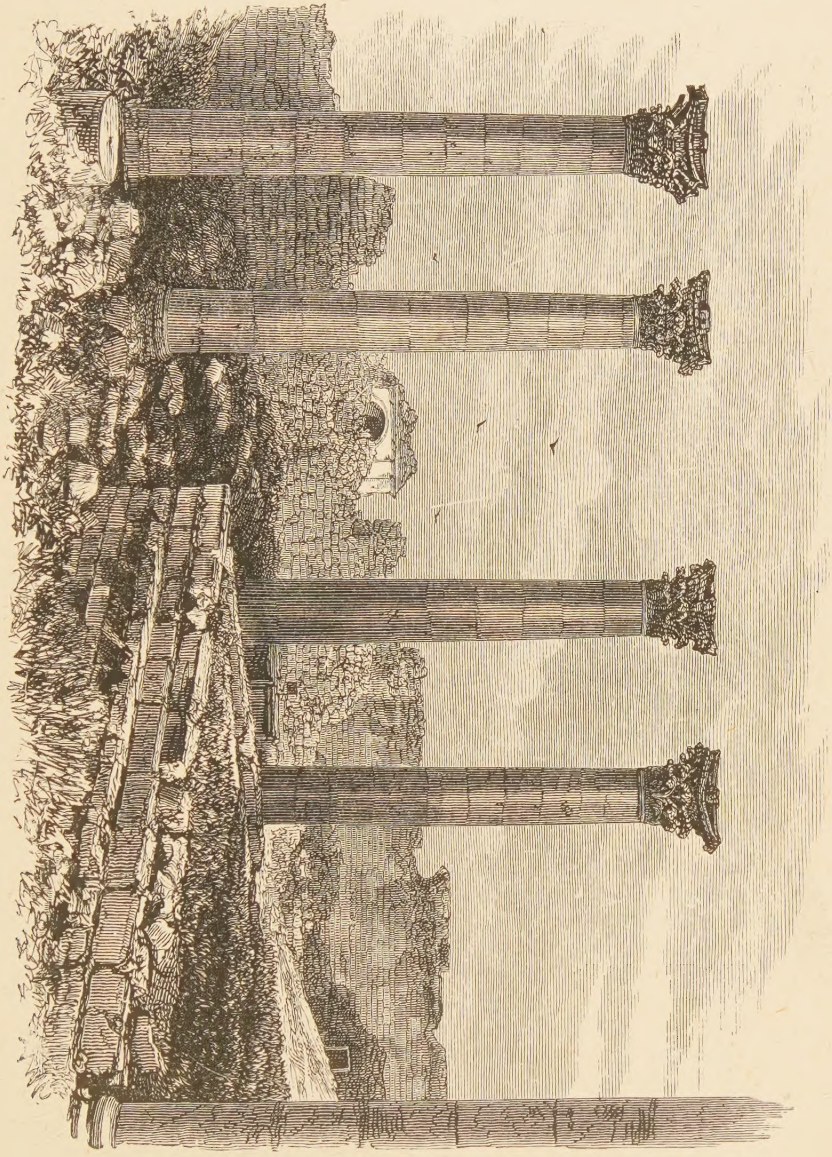
Scarcely had I chosen for myself a comfortable seat among the rocks, when I heard a great crashing noise in the gorge beyond, as though an earthquake had sent great masses of stone down to prevent our exit. The sound came nearer and nearer, booming and bounding through the gorge. The Bedouins were upon us!

I scrambled down to the mouth of the gorge, arriving just in time to see rush furiously towards me six mounted Arabs of wily mien, with long-reaching lances on their shoulders. I stood to await their arrival. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them, and now they halted. I cried out "Sahib," and offered my hand. To my surprise it was taken good-naturedly by all of the party, and a declaration of friendliness passed between us. We were in their city, and now they were bound to protect us (and rob us!) they declared. We were led triumphantly into Petra by the very men who would have prevented our entrance amid exactions and bluster, had they caught us.

Then another scheme had to be perfected. As a rule, when travellers get into Petra at all, they are hurried out again as rapidly as possible, seldom remaining a full day. I wanted to stay long enough to get at least a tolerable photographic record of the ruins. I objected to take my departure. The chief then attempted to levy on my purse. I discussed the subject with him, agreed to some of his propositions, paid on account, and asked until next day to consider the rest. Thus I prolonged my visit. But for four days only. I began to realize then that if we remained there any longer we should be literally cleaned out, and perhaps killed by the Bedouins.

News spreads like wild-fire in modern Edom; and before we first saw the sunset beyond Mount Hor, some sixty of Esau's descendants had followed us and had opened offices in these excavations. Never was so savage a haunt for banditti conceived by Salvator Rosa. The trouble then began. Each individual Arab claimed the privilege of showing the city to the stranger. From their bluster I made up my

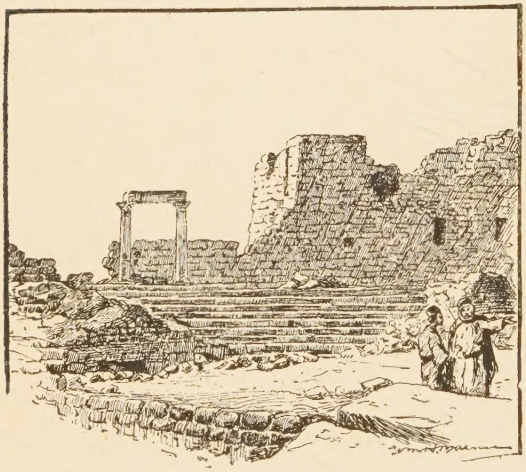
mind that we were soon to be cut into pieces in order that the work might be done more expeditiously. A viler band of robbers never existed. I had fallen voluntarily into their hands, and it behooved me now to make the best bargain I could to get away. But no bargain agreed upon was adhered to for an hour at a time. Some item was always "forgotten." The only compensation I had was that these discussions secured me more time in the town. Between arguments I snatched the coveted views with my three cameras.



RUINS OF BOZRAH BEYOND THE JORDAN.

The time soon came to contrive our departure from Sheikh Salim's dominions. We were surprised,

upon arriving at the appointed place, to see some sixty or seventy Bedouins, mostly mounted, and armed with lances, guns, and an assortment of knives and blunderbusses, awaiting our arrival. When they saw us coming a significant hoot was given, and we felt that trouble was brewing. Our dragoman called out to us: "Don't be afraid, gentlemen, but mount your camels and proceed with your journey. It was the custom," he said, "for these people to attend the departing stranger half a day's journey out of their city."



RUINS OF BOZRAH.

Immediately we mounted our camels, they were seized by the brigands, and made to kneel. We were surrounded by the lancers, Sheikh Salim among them. The hooting became louder, and had an element of dissatisfaction and contempt about it which was not calculated to allay our anxiety.

"Keep cool, gentlemen," said the brave Hedayah, who thereupon fell into the most violent of Arabic demonstrations. The gauntlet had been thrown, the fight began. An Arab who had carried my camera, drawing his sword, made a thrust at our good dragoman. It fell short of its mark, but cut an ugly slit in his legging without wounding him. Hedayah leaped from his camel, and with uplifted sword attacked the Arab. The melee became general, the noise infernal, and we prepared ourselves for the worst.

While sundry battles of words were going on, each man with sword drawn, I settled with the chief for various "things which had been forgotten," including $15 for a "change of raiment," beside $30 previously paid for permission to photograph the rascals. Claim after claim was adjusted as we slowly proceeded, until, after an hour of horror, I held my empty purse bottom up in the air and declared that they now had all. Thereupon the greater number dropped behind, only a few remaining to bluster at Hedayah. They, too, departed at last, after satisfying themselves that there was no more money to be gotten from us.

Dr. Rigaway who visited Petra in 1875, thus records his impressions: What a comment on human greatness! The stronghold of Esau; Edom, the much-coveted prize of King David, the entrepot of Solomon's gold of Ophir, the gateway through which rolled Oriental commerce for ages, the munition of rocks in which heroism grew, and whence it sallied out to dictate law to semi-barbarous hordes, the city of palaces and temples, whose inhabitants dwelt in luxury while they lived, and at death made their burial with the great, had so perished out of man's knowledge that its very existence had been forgotten until discovered and made known by Burkhardt in 1811. And now of all its monuments those which alone remain, with possibly a few exceptions, to tell the fate of the past, are records

of death. Tombs everywhere, and in the midst a theatre. "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

But all this—this ruined greatness, this sunken, brutalized humanity—what is it save the fulfilment of God's Word?

As I rode away, and from the last height of the south looked back upon the scene which lay beneath and around me, that language of Scripture was on my lips: "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished." Jer. xlix. 16.

John Greenleaf Whittier's fine poem brings vividly before us the memories of Petra and the neighbouring Mount Hor, the tomb of Aaron:

Dead Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turns not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,—
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has set,

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man,—
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock, as they,—
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

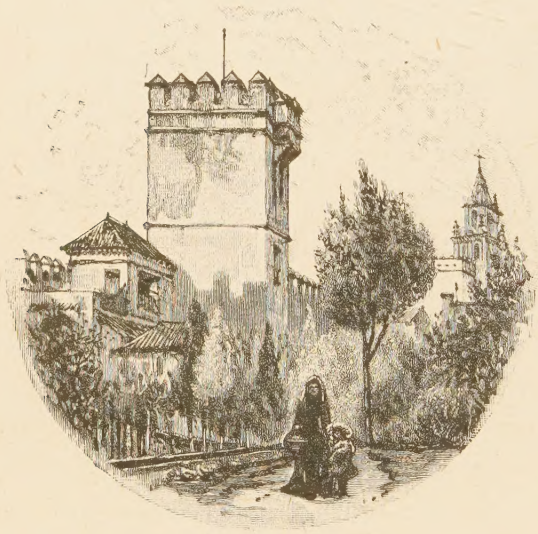
There is another Bosrah or Bostra in the Hauran or region beyond Jordan, the ruins of which still tower grandly above the plain. It was once a stronghold of the Moabites, and under the Emperor Trajan was made the chief city of the Arabian province. It owed its importance, like many a modern railway junction, to being the meeting-place of several roads. It was on the great highway from Damascus to the Persian Gulf. It thus became a great emporium of trade. Successive emperors strengthened it as a military position, and when Christianity became the religion of the Empire it was made the seat of a bishopric. Mohammed himself, as a youth, travelled to its markets, and it was here that he met the monk Sergius, who had so much influence on his career. It was captured by the Mohammedan General Kalid, after a brilliant siege, and became one of the most important Moslem fortresses. The Crusaders vainly endeavoured to take it in the twelfth century, but in subsequent ages it fell into decay and melancholy ruins, although with imposing remains of its former splendour.

BRITAIN'S KEYS OF EMPIRE.

I.—GIBRALTAR.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—*Milton's "Areopagitica."*



AT TARIFA.

God has in a marvellous manner placed the keys of empire in the keeping of Great Britain. She guards the gates of the most important strategic positions throughout the world—Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hong Kong, Thursday Island, Sydney, Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, King George's Sound, Mauritius, the Cape, St. Helena, Falkland Islands, St. Lucia, Jamaica, the Bermudas, Halifax, Quebec, Vancouver. She possesses great coal supplies on the shores of all the seas. She controls one-sixth of the area of the habitable globe, and rules the destiny of one-fourth of its inhabitants. Her consuls are in every port, her flag is carried on all the seas. About three-fourths of the shipping of the world is under her protection and is also freighted with the wealth of her great empire.

Despite the abatement which must be made for unprincipled tradesmen, who send rum and ruin to the heart of Africa, she is a power that makes for righteousness in every land. Her missionaries go everywhere proclaiming liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. She is the refuge for the oppressed from every clime. No slave can breathe her air. "No sooner does he touch her soil than he is emancipated by the irresistible genius of British liberty."

She is destined, we believe, to be the great world-power which shall stand for law, for order, and for liberty in every zone.* The union of the mother country and her forty daughter colonies, and the alliance of all English-speaking lands will be, we trust, a guarantee of perpetual

* A distinguished American, the Rev. Dr. Ellinwood, of New York, at the Missionary Conference in London, 1888, said: "Wherever the English have once raised their flag, they have come to stay. They have brought good laws and good roads, and vigorous enterprises. They have brought the Bible, and the church, and school, and medical

LANDING AT GIBRALTAR.

and universal peace—a hastening of the day

"When the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

We propose giving a series of illustrated papers on this Greater Britain which we hope will give a wider outlook at the noble empire of which we form a part, which will foster patriotic pride, and inspire every reader to a more faithful discharge of civic and religious duties.

"Civis Romanus sum" was the proud boast of the Roman citizen. It is a prouder boast to be a citizen of the British Empire—an empire which "holds the gorgeous East in fee" where the foot of an Alexander has faltered, which covers continental areas unknown to the Cæsars.

science, and the press, and the electric wire. I do not condone the sins which you, in common with ourselves, have committed, and are committing, against feebler races—nevertheless I bless God for the ubiquity of the Briton. He is the true colonist. It is his instinct, on the whole, to bless, and not to curse. He is among the pluckiest in the grand and glorious work of missions as well as in war."

For this world-wide survey we shall draw from all possible resources, and illustrate with the best available help by pen and pencil. We shall go round the world with the Union Jack and trace its victories by land and sea—and, most of all, the moral conquests of which the brave old flag is the symbol in every land.

Our first paper will be devoted to the rock fortress of Gibraltar which holds the key of the Mediterranean, the ancient Gates of Gades or Pillars of Hercules. For the graphic description of this "Key of Empire," we are indebted chiefly to the ac-accomplished writer, H. D. Traill; the American editor, Rev. Dr. Henry Field, and to various other standard authorities.

The "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the ancient world!

As our gallant vessel steams onward through the rapidly narrowing Straits, the eye falls upon a picturesque irregular cluster of buildings on the Spanish shore, wherefrom juts forth a rocky tongue of land surmounted by a tower. It is the Pharos of Tarifa, and in another half-hour we are close enough to distinguish the exact outlines of the ancient and famous city named after Tarif Ibn Malek, the first Berber Sheikh who landed in Spain, and itself, it is said—though some etymologists look askance at the derivation—the name-mother of a word which is little less terrible to the modern trader than was this pirates' nest to his predecessor of old times. The arms of Tarifa are a castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the device is not unaptly symbolical of her mediæval history, when her possessors played janitors of the Strait, and merrily levied blackmail—the irregular *tariff* of those days—upon any vessel which desired to pass.

There "dawns Gibraltar grand and gay." It dawns upon us in all its Titanic majesty of outline; grand, of course, with the grandeur of nature, and yet with a certain strange air of human menace as of some piece of Atlantean ordnance planted and pointed by the hand of man. This "armamental" appearance of the rock—a look visible, or at any rate imaginable in it, long before we have approached it closely enough to discern its actual fortifications, still less its artillery—is much enhanced by the dead flatness of the land from which its western wall arises sheer, and with which by consequence it seems to have no closer physical connection than has a gun-carriage with the parade ground on which it stands.

As we draw nearer this effect increases in intensity. The surrounding country seems to sink and recede around it, and the rock appears to tower ever higher and higher, and to survey the strait and the two continents divided by it with a more and more formidable frown.

As we approach the port, however, this impression gives place to another, and the rock, losing somewhat of its "natural-fortress" air, begins to assume that resemblance to a couchant lion which has been so often noticed in it. His head is distinctly turned towards Spain, and what is more, he has a foot stretched out towards the mainland, as though in token of his mighty grasp upon the soil.

At last, however, we are in the harbour, and are about to land. To land! How little does that phrase convey to the inexperienced in sea travel, or to those whose voyages have begun and ended in stepping from a landing-stage on to a gangway, and from a gangway on to a deck, and *vice versa?* And how much does it mean for him to whom it comes fraught with recollections of steep descents, of heaving seas, of tossing cock-boats, perhaps of dripping garments, certainly of swindling boatmen?

Perhaps, however, no Englishman ought to grudge a high payment

for the pleasure of landing at Gibraltar—a pleasure only to be tasted in its full savour by those who have been spending some weeks in Spain. The sensation of finding yourself suddenly put ashore on a strip of England—of downright, characteristic, unmistakable England—is curious to the last degree.

The town is very populous for its size, and numbers some 18,000 inhabitants, in addition to its garrison of from 5,000 to 6,000 men. There is an indefinable air of military order, of rigid discipline, of authority whose word is law, pervading everything. As the day wears on towards the evening this aspect of things becomes more and more unmistakable; and in the neighbourhood of the gates, towards the hour of gunfire, you may see residents hastening in, and non-residents quickening the steps of their departure, lest the boom of the fatal cannon-clock should confine or exclude them for the night. Undoubtedly you experience something of the sensations of men who are living in a state of siege, or of those knights of Branksome who ate and drank in armour, and lay down to rest with corselet laced, and with the buckler for a pillow.

Some of the notable regiments of the garrison have left the bones of their dead in every quarter of the globe. Was there ever a Roman legion that could show a longer record of war and of glory?

Dr. Field speaks with enthusiasm of the "brave-hearted Englishwomen who 'follow the drum' to the ends of the earth. I have sometimes thought that their husbands and brothers owed part of their indomitable resolution to the inspiration of wives and sisters."

In the Alameda a visitor may spend many a pleasant hour, and if the peace and beauty of a hillside garden, with the charms of sub-tropical vegetation in abundance near at hand, and noble views of coast and sea in the distance, allure him, he assuredly will. Gibraltar is immensely proud of its promenade, and it has good reason to be so.

STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

We behold a great world-fortress, reared almost impregnably by the hand of Nature, and raised into absolute impregnability by the art of man; a spot made memorable from the very dawn of the modern period by the rivalries of nations, and famous for all time by one of the most heroic exploits recorded in the annals of the human race. The name of Gibraltar stands before and beyond everything for the rock of the Great Siege.

The Moorish castle is the first object to catch the eye of the newcomer as he steps ashore at the mole, and looks up at the houses that clamber up the western slope of the rock. The castle is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, the Arabic legend over the south gate recording it to have been built in 725 by Abu-Abul-Hajez.

If Gibraltar were merely a rock in the ocean its solitary grandeur would induce many a sight-seer to inspect its rugged sides. But as it is at the same time the strongest fortress in the world, the interest of the greater number of visitors is to see its defences. The natural strength of the position has been multiplied by all the resources of modern warfare, in the admiration of which one is led for a moment to forget the "greatness thrust upon it by nature," but only for a moment. To stand on the top of the rock, which is 1,400 feet high, and look down the cliff where the waves are dashing at its feet, fills a person with an awe that is indescribable, and one is loath to resume his tour of inspection.

The rock is nearly three miles long and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile broad. The Line Wall is a tremendous mass of masonry two miles long, relieved here and there by projecting bastions, with guns turned right and left so as to sweep the face of the wall.

Within the Line Wall, immediately fronting the bay, are the casemates and barracks for the artillery that are to serve the guns. The casemates are designed to be absolutely bomb-proof. The walls are so thick as to resist the impact of shot weighing hundreds of pounds. The enormous arches overhead are made to withstand the weight and the explosion of the heaviest shells. This Line Wall is armed with guns of the largest calibre. Some are mounted on the parapet above, but the greater part are in the casemates below so as to be near the level of the sea and thus strike ships in the most vital parts.

Of course everyone is anxious to see the two big guns, each of which weigh one hundred tons. But they are guarded with great care from the too close inspection of strangers. They are so enormous that it is impossible to describe them so as to convey an idea of their immense proportions. The shot has to be lifted to the mouth of these guns by machinery, and a man could easily crawl into the bore. One of these big guns is mounted within speaking distance of the house of the major-general. In answer to an inquiry as to what they did at the time of firing, one of the ladies laughingly replied: "Oh, we don't mind it; we take down the mirrors, lay away the china and glass, throw open the windows and let the explosion come." This gun throws a ball weighing two thousand pounds over eight miles.

But these are not all the defences. There are batteries in the rear of the town as well as in the front. These can be fired over the tops of the houses, so that if an enemy were to effect a landing he would have to fight his way at every step. As you climb the rock it fairly bristles with guns. You cannot turn to the right or the left without seeing them; they are over your head and under you, and pointing directly at you.

The galleries, which are tunnelled

in tiers along the north front of the rock, are in two rows and from two to three miles in extent. At one extremity they widen out into the spacious crypt known as the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was feasted. No arches support these galleries; they are simply hewn from the solid rock, and pierced every dozen yards or so by port-holes, through each of which the black muzzle of a gun looks forth upon the Spanish mainland. The simultaneous discharge of these cannons is terrific, as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air. It is not often that this noise is heard, however. But there is one day in the year when the British lion roars good and loud, and that is the Queen's birthday.

The rock gun from its exalted position on the highest point of the rock, 1,400 feet in the air, gives the signal, which is immediately caught up by the galleries below, one after the other. The batteries along the sea answer to those from the mountain-side, and the mighty reverberations sweep around the bay, across the Mediterranean, and far along the African shores. The noise is simply indescribable.

After having duly inspected the galleries, the visitor will ascend to the signal tower, known in Spanish days as El Hacho, or the torch, the spot at which beacon fires were wont on occasion to be kindled. It is not quite the highest point of the rock, but the view from it is one of the most imposing in the world. To the north lie the mountains of Ronda, and to the far east the Sierra of the Snows that looks down on Granada gleams pale and spectral on the horizon. Far beneath you lie town and bay, the batteries with their tiny ordnance, and the harbour with its plaything ships; while farther onward, in the same line of vision, the African "Pillar of Hercules," Ceuta, looks down upon the sunlit waters of the strait.

The object of the fortress of Gibraltar is to command the passage into the Mediterranean. The arms of Gibraltar are a castle and a key, to signify that it holds the key of the straits, and that no ship flying any other flag than that of England can enter or depart except by her permission.

OLD MOORISH CASTLE, GIBRALTAR.

The story of the four years' siege of the grim old rock by the combined Spanish and French forces is one that makes the pulses throb.

The besieged were at times put to the direst straits—half-starved, subsisting in part on grass and nettles and stormed at with shot and shell. Gallant "old Elliott" and his brave heroes still held out—the commander sharing the privations of the humblest soldier.

In the third year of that desperate leaguer—it was in 1781—the Spaniards, having tried in vain, since June, 1779, to starve out the garrison, resorted to the idea of bombarding the town into surrender, and threw up across the neutral ground the great earthworks, of which only ruins remain. They had reason, indeed, to resort to extraordinary efforts. Twice within these twenty-four months had they reduced the town to the most dreadful straits of hunger, and twice had it been relieved by English fleets.

GATE OF CEUTA.

In January, 1780, when Rodney appeared in the straits with his priceless freight of food, the hindquarter of an Algerian sheep was selling for seven pounds ten, and an English milch cow for fifty guineas. In the spring of 1781, when Admiral Darby relieved them for the second time, the price of the "bad ship's biscuits full of vermin"—says Captain John Drinkwater of the Seventy-second, an actor in the scenes which he has recorded—"was a shilling a pound; old, dried peas, a shilling and fourpence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships' bottoms and store-houses, eightpence; and English farthing candles, sixpence apiece. A lean turkey was sold for £3, and fuel was so scarce that the soldiers cooked their rations with cinnamon found in store.

These terrible privations having failed to break the indomitable spirit of the besieged, a terrific bombardment had, before the construction of the line, been resorted to. Enormous batteries, mounting 170 guns and eighty mortars, had been planted along the shore, and had played upon the town, without interruption, for six weeks.

When the supreme effort was made for the capture of the Rock, the Spanish grandees came by hundreds to witness the event. But the capture did not come off; the gallant little garrison, attacked by a vast land and sea force and by ten times the number of guns still "held the fort."

The following interesting episode of the siege is narrated by Miss

M. A. Stansbury, a clever American poetess:

This is the tale they tell
Of the brave sentinel,
When fleets of France and Spain
Thundered and flashed in vain
On the troop at Gibraltar,
Which, starving, would not falter!

Forth from his moonlit tent,
As the commander went—
Elliott, dauntless man!—
With his own eyes to scan
Rampart and parapet,
Grim with guns seaward set,
He passed a lonely guard,
Standing in silent ward,
Who, with unlowered lance,
Let the great chief advance.
Short turning in his path,
He cried, in sudden wrath:

"Churl, does such carriage suit
Thy rank and mine? Salute!"

"Not of my will I fail,"
Answered the soldier pale
Under his helmet's shine;
"With this right arm of mine
I stopped a Spanish ball!
Pardon, my General!"

"Wounded, man, did you say?
Why, then, this rash delay?
Quick to the hospital!"
"Pardon, my General!"
Once more the accents clear
Smote on the questioner's ear:
"For honour of his land
Still must the sentry stand,
Tho' life and limb the cost,
I may not leave my post!"

Glowed cheeks of Elliott
With noble passion hot;
Forward he strode a pace,
Gazed in the bearded face.
"Now, by my sword," he said,
"Foe we have none to dread!
Wet with such faithful blood,
From the bare rock must bud
Laurels of victory!
Comrade, salute I thee!
Give me thy musket true,—
I take thy watch! Adieu!"

"My General, but"—
"Nay!
Yours only to obey!"

Marching home, empty-sleeved,
Think you the sentry grieved?
Honour-cross on his breast,—
What cared he for the rest?
Come what might e'er befall,
His own grand general
(This fate could never alter)
Shared his watch at Gibraltar!

Gibraltar is by far the strongest fortress in the world, and is doubtless impregnable. "To me," says Dr. Field, "who am but a layman, as I walk about Gibraltar, it seems that, if all the armies of Europe came against it, they could make no impression against its rock-ribbed sides; that only some convulsion of nature could shake its everlasting foundations. . . Of this I am sure, that whatever can be done by courage and skill will be done by the sons of the Vikings to retain their mastery of the sea."

And now, passing once for all through the storied portal of the Mediterranean, it remains to bestow at least a passing glance upon the other column which guards the entrance. Over against us, as we stand on Europa Point and look seaward, looms, some ten or a dozen miles away, the Punta de Africa, the African Pillar of Hercules, the headland behind which lies Ceuta, the principal Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast. Of a truth, one's first thought is that the great doorway of the inland sea has monstrously unequal jambs.

Ceuta, like almost every other town or citadel on this battle-ground of Europe and Africa, had played its part in the secular struggle between Christendom and Islam. It was never surrendered, and passing, as has been said, in the seventeenth century from the possession of Portugal into that of Spain, it now forms one of the four or five vantage-points held by Spain on the coast of Africa and in its vicinity. But however earned, its mythical title, with all the halo of poetry and romance that the immortal myths of Hellas have shed around every spot which they have reached, remains to it forever. And here we take our farewell look of the Pillars of Hercules, and borne onwards amid-stream by the rushing current of the straits, we pass from the modern into the ancient world.

FOOT-PRINTS OF LUTHER.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

*ERFURT, THE CAPITAL OF OLD THURINGIA.**

LOOKOUT TOWER IN THURINGIA.

THE history of Erfurt runs back to the days of Charlemagne. Being on one of the grand highways of Germany — that which connected Italy with the Baltic—it early became a scene of traffic and barter, and rose to the distinction of a town incorporated in the famous Hanseatic League. Pirates by sea and robbers by land in unsettled times rendered some combination of interests among mercantile cities, along important lines of communication, essential to their safety and success; and Erfurt, protected and patronized by this primitive bond of commercial union, drove a thriving trade in the silks and the spices, the wools and the wares, which in waggons and on pack-horses passed through its ancient gates. Signs of its importance remain in its extensive and imposing fortifications; its numerous public buildings, seen from a distance, give the traveller an idea of former, if not present, prosperity; and its manufactures of various sorts continue to keep up some little amount of its mediæval reputation.

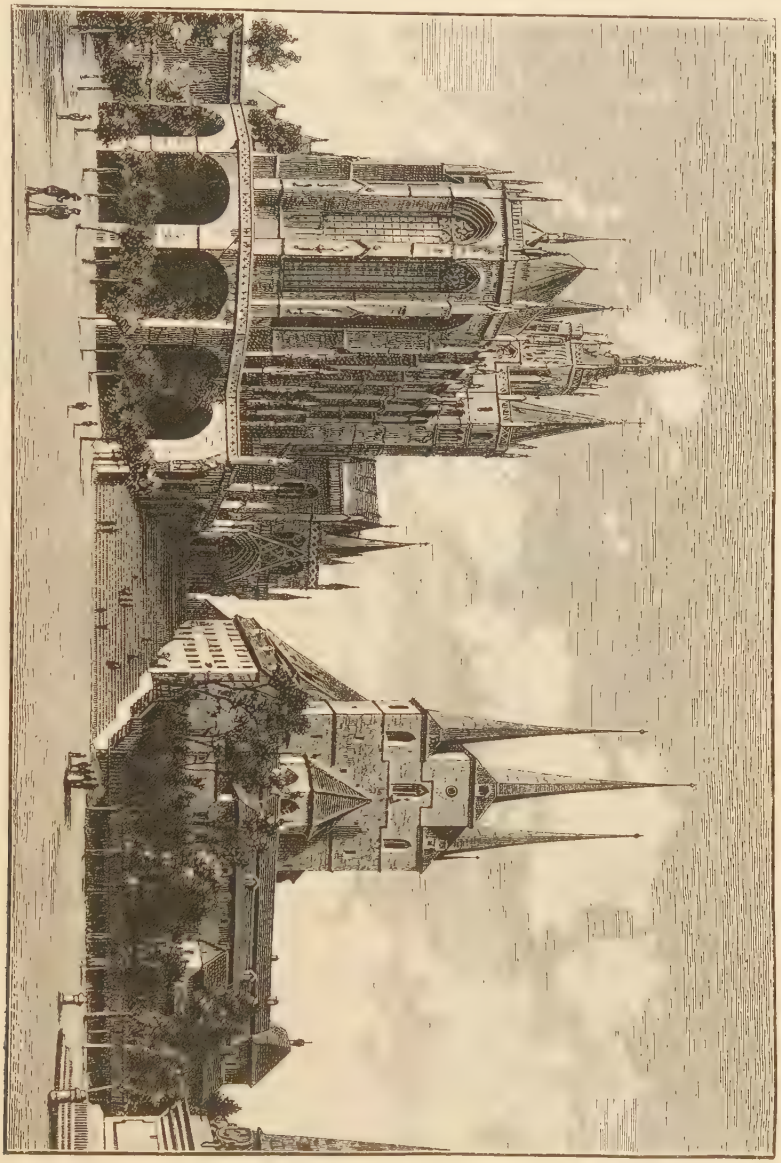
It is many years ago since I first saw this interesting place; and I well remember the impression made by a ramble in its old-fashioned, quaint-looking streets. Erfurt is built on a wide-spread plain, fruitful in hemp, flax, and oil seeds. The river Gera runs through the midst of the city, and the stranger who crosses its little bridges will pause to glean amusement from curious vistas formed by overhanging houses, rickety landing-places, and dirty tan-yards on either side the running stream. The Dom, or cathedral, once belonging to a bishop, a highly ornamental building, combining beauty of detail with slenderness of construction, is the principal architectural lion. Its portals, altars, and painted glass are well worth the archæologist's study; but I have a livelier recollection of the stately church of St. Severus, with its three spires, near by.

It is easy, putting aside whatever of modern architecture one meets with in Erfurt, to push back our thoughts to the sixteenth century, when the now dull town was bustling with wealthy merchants, and crowded with richly laden carts, and packed with temporarily lodged stores, and enlivened by troops of

* Abridged from "Homes and Haunts of Luther." Religious Tract Society, London.

foreigners in varied national costumes. It possessed also another element of social life, now passed away; for Erfurt then contained a university with more than a thousand students, of which Luther said, "It was so celebrated a seat of learning that others were as grammar schools compared with it."

Hither came the miner's son, in the month of July, 1501, to avail himself of the educational advantages which Erfurt offered; and here, from the age of eighteen to the age of twenty-two, the earnest youth might be seen, sometimes with a sword at his side, according to the fashion of the day,—devouring Vir-



CATHEDRAL AND CHURCH OF ST. SEVERUS.

gil and Cicero, digging into Aristotelian logic, engaging in debate with fellow-students, walking about the streets amongst the merchants and waresmen, or strolling out of the city gates into the pleasant neighbourhood of well-wooded hills, meadows, and streams. One spring day, as he took an excursion to the river Holme, through the golden mead, he ran the ungainly fashionable sword into his foot, which brought on consequences of a serious kind. In the prospect of death he commended himself to the Virgin, and used to say afterwards, "Had I then died, I should have died in the faith of the Virgin."

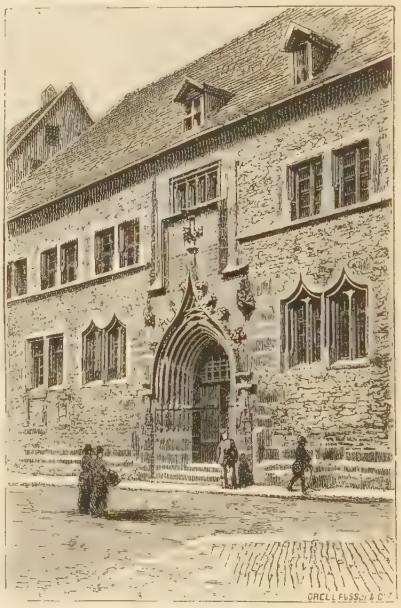
One incident in his Erfurt life stands out beyond the rest, and has been depicted by an eminent artist with singular force and beauty. You see Luther studying the Bible. Up to the age of twenty he had never seen an entire Bible. It must have been in the university library that he first laid hold of one. He was surprised to find in it so much more than he had ever read in the Gospels and Epistles prescribed for church use.

Two years afterwards he became a monk in the Augustinian monastery of the same town. "When I entered into the cloister," he narrates, "I called for a Bible, and the brethren gave me one. It was bound in red morocco. I made myself so familiar with it, that I knew on what page and in what place every passage stood."

Unwarrantable inferences have been drawn from the world-known incident now noticed. Some have concluded that scarcely any bibles were at the time in print, whereas no less than ninety-one editions of the Vulgate are registered between the years 1440 and 1500; even a German translation then existed, and was reprinted several times before the close of the fifteenth century.

Copies of the Bible at that period, when reckoned together, appear numerous; yet after all they would form but a scanty supply for all Germany; and it is not at all inconsistent with what we know of the industry of German printers, to find that a lad, brought up on the edge of the Harz district, and at the foot of the Thuringian hills, should never have met with an entire copy of the Scriptures until he lighted upon one lying on the shelf of a university library.

Much of Luther's early religious history is bound up with the Thu-



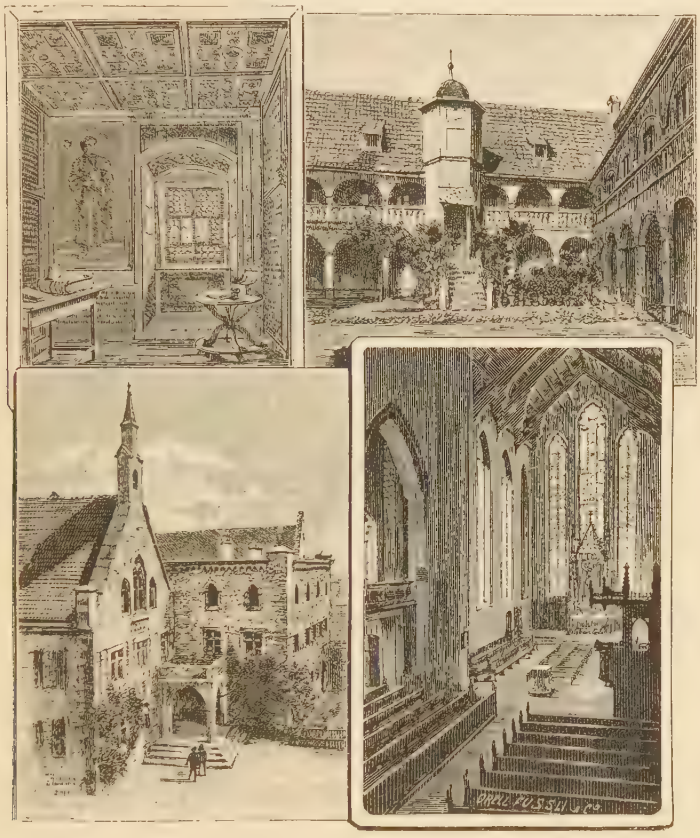
THE UNIVERSITY, ERFURT.

ringian capital. In a retired road which runs out of Erfurt to a place called Stotterheim, he was overtaken by a thunderstorm; the lightning struck at his feet and filled him with fear as he proceeded on his journey. Just before, he had lost a friend named Alexis, who, it seems, had been assassinated. Perhaps the electric shock blended its effects with his previous musings. At all events, stunned with terror at what he saw and felt, he uttered a prayer, and made a vow, common in those days,

crying out, "Help, beloved, St. Anne, and I will straightway become a monk!"

He fulfilled his promise. "I forsook," he says, "my parents and kindred, and betook myself, contrary to their will, to the cloister, and put on the cowl." One evening in July, 1505, he invited his university friends to a party in the house where he lived, and startled them at the close of the festivity by the solemn declaration, "To-day you see me: after this you will see me no more." He chose the convent of the Augustinian Eremites, and there spent the three following years of his life.

The convent was dissolved after the Reformation, and became converted into an orphan-house, called Martinsstift, in honour of the most illustrious inmate the building ever held. A fire broke out within the walls some time since, and consumed a considerable portion of the edifice, including a room most attractive to Luther pilgrims. At the time of my first visit the building was in its integrity—a quaint, rambling place, with queer old staircases and long wooden galleries, which blend with reminiscences of certain old London hostelries, such as the Tabard Inn in Southwark.



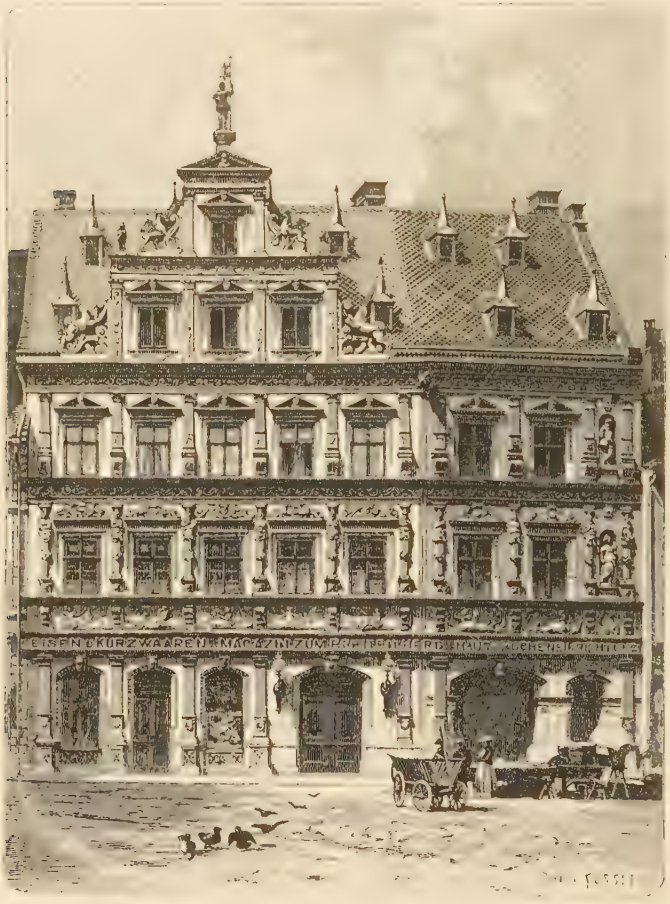
HAUNTS OF LUTHER, IN AUGUSTINE MONASTERY, ERFURT.

1. LUTHER'S ROOM, IN MONASTERY.
2. ENTRANCE TO MONASTERY.
3. CLOISTERS OF MONASTERY.
4. MONASTERY CHAPEL.

A dingy little room, after a lapse of years, reappears with a table and

a chair which Luther was said to have used, the Reformer's portrait hanging on the wall, and the Bible he was reported to have studied occupying a place amongst the Protestant relics. Around the cell, now destroyed, and the monastery, of which some parts remain, the history

carry it on unto perfection." After which the brotherhood said Amen, and chanted the "Magne Pater Augustine." Then came the changing a secular dress for the garments of the order, the young man knelt down as antiphonies were sung and the benediction was invoked: "May



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSES, ERFURT.

of the Reformer closely clusters, during that period when he was truly converted, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Here it was that he began his novitiate, listening to the prior's words, "We receive you on probation for one year; and may God, who hath begun a work in you, God, who hath converted this young man from the world, and prepared for him a mansion in heaven, grant that his daily walk may be as becometh his calling, and that he may have cause to be thankful for this day's doings." A fraternal kiss all round in the convent hall finished the ceremony.

Here Luther took this vow in the second year. The bell was rung, the monks assembled, and the prior, standing before the altar steps, addressed him thus: "You have become acquainted with the severe life of our order, and must now decide whether you will return to the world." This was the reply: "I Brother Martin, do make confession, and promise obedience to Almighty

ERFURT—DISTANT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

God, unto Mary, always a Virgin, and unto thee, my brother, the prior of this cloister, to live in poverty and chastity after the rule of St. Augustine, until death." A burning taper was put into his hand, prayer was offered by the brethren; and the initiated, when brought into the choir of the church, received once more the fraternal kisses. All was done sincerely and honestly by the young Saxon at the end of his novitiate. "When I was a monk," he wrote, "I was outwardly much holier than now. I kept the vow I had taken with the greatest zeal and diligence, by day and by night, and yet I found no rest, for all the consolations which I drew from my own righteousness and works were ineffectual. Doubts all the while cleaved to my conscience, and I thought within myself, Who knoweth whether this is pleasing and acceptable to God or not? Even when I was the most devout, I went as a doubter to the altar, and as a doubter I came away again. If I made my confession, I was still in doubt; if upon that I left off prayer, I was again in doubt; for we were wrapt in the conceit that we could not pray and should not be heard unless we were wholly pure and without sin, like the saints in heaven."

Here it was that Luther performed such menial offices as opening and shutting the convent gates, winding up the clock, sweeping the church, and cleaning the rooms; and out of these precincts he went into the streets of Erfurt, with a sack on his back, begging from house to house.

Here it was that a brother burst into his cell one morning, because Luther had not opened his door at the usual time, and found him in a deep swoon. The music of the monk's flute restored the sufferer to consciousness and peace, as David's harp chased the evil spirit from Saul, the King of Israel.

Here it was that Luther entered upon the office of the priesthood. He relates with horror the utterance of the charge, "Receive power to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead;" he felt it a wonder, he vehemently said, that the earth did not open and swallow up both ordainer and ordained; and even at the time he faltered in the service, and was on the point of rushing from the altar in dismay. The idea of "standing before God without a mediator" struck him with terror, and some one by his side had to prevent his

leaving the place. Yet he soon fell in with the accustomed mode of looking at the ceremony. "I was an unblushing Pharisee; when I had read mass and said my prayers I put my trust and rested therein. I did not behold the sinner that lay underneath that cloak, not trusting in the righteousness of God, but in my own; not giving God thanks for the sacrament, but thinking he must be thankful and well pleased that I offered up His Son to Him; indeed, reproaching and blaspheming Him." So the matter appeared to Luther after he had abandoned popery.

Erfurt is connected with Luther's history after his career as a Reformer had begun. In the year 1520 he left Wittenberg, then his home, to attend the Diet of Worms, and on his way touched at the town where he had been made monk and priest. Approaching the gates he was met by crowds of people shouting with joy, headed by the rector of the University, members of the senate, and distinguished burghers. Merle d'Aubigné imagines the Erfurt deputation turning their horses' heads after the meeting, and the cavalcade, with a concourse of pedestrians, accompanying the Reformer's carriage up to the city wall—the poor monk who had begged for the convent up and down the streets, being now welcomed in the great square with demonstrations of honour befitting the reception of a prince. He was received at the old convent, and there, according to a pathetic tradition, he saw a small wooden cross on the grave of a brother whom he had known, and who had died peacefully in the Lord. "See, my father," he said to Justus Jonas, "he reposes there while I—" and then fixed his gaze on heaven. He returned shortly after to the same spot, and remained there until he was reminded that the monastery bell had tolled the regulation hour for rest.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

LORD, for the lonely heart
I pray apart.
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this to-morrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word.

For lives too bitter to be borne,
For the tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, peace, this Christmastide!

Into the desert, trod
By the long sick, O God;
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain—
Of all neglected most—be fain
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray
For those who cannot sleep,
A watch I keep.
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed and fed again;
At Thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest.

I see the vacant chair,
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour:
For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the hand-clasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow.
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

A LATTER-DAY PROPHET.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE prophetic office is not confined to any country or to any age. Probably God has nowhere, nor at any time, left Himself without a witness. There were prophets before Moses, and there have been since Malachi. They belonged to the older dispensations, but they have not been excluded from the new. Not only did the apostles and the evangelists, who were their co-labourers, possess the prophetic gift, but it was shared by many others during the apostolic age. And if the race became extinct, it was not till long after the apostles had been gathered to their fathers. These inspired men and women—for the prophetic office was not confined to either sex — are supposed to have been raised up by Divine Providence to meet the exigencies of the Church in the absence of a sufficient number of regularly-trained and competent teachers; and that when this lack was supplied they were withdrawn.

This is the way that the facts of history in this respect have been accounted for. It may be doubted whether the prophetic office had very much to do with teaching in the New Testament acceptation of that term; or that there is anything incompatible in the co-existence of prophets and teachers in the Church of God. It requires something more than teaching to effectually rebuke public and private sins, especially the sins of the Church, to correct great and chronic abuses, to sound an effectual alarm to those who are at ease in Zion, and to move believers to self-denying and heroic efforts to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. This is the prophet's work.

But, it may be asked, Who are the prophets? And what is the nature of their gifts? They are inspired men; but this fact sheds but little light upon the exact nature of their endowments. It is the privilege and duty of every Christian to be inspired. If any of us are not filled with the Spirit we are living beneath our privilege, we are falling short of the divine standard. But the gifts of the Spirit do not always take the same form. The breath of God may rest upon a man, and he be filled with the Spirit, and yet not be a prophet. The prophet is a seer. He is a man of spiritual intuitions and divine convictions. What other men reach through argument, and by way of logical inference, he sees with open vision. Moral and spiritual truths—truths pertaining to the interior life of the soul, and the relations of men to God, to one another, and to a future life—once seen by him are instantly appropriated and become matter of conviction. He commends himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; and though those who hear him may not always accept his message, they will feel in their consciences that it is true, and that God has spoken to them.

As the clarified vision of the prophet enables him to discern spiritual things more clearly than they are seen by other men, so he will be able to see farther into the future than those who do not possess the same degree of spiritual illumination. He understands more clearly the drift and tendency of what is taking place around him, and the goal to which they tend. This is a gift which is shared to some extent by all thoughtful and spiritual-minded men. But the prophet of God, who lives in habitual communion with the Unseen and the Eternal, may be assumed to have a

more unclouded vision of the things that are to come; and, by reason of his greater strength of conviction, to speak of them with greater confidence and power.

But whether all the prophets were supernaturally inspired to foretell future events may well be questioned. And even of those of them who were permitted to draw aside the veil which hides the future, and to give men glimpses of what was to come, this was but an inconsiderable part of their work. They were not mere soothsayers or fortune-tellers. They were preachers of righteousness. They were generally sent to call the people to repentance. They were the bearers of divine messages to men—messages which had special reference to the duties of the hour, and which called for instant and earnest attention, and for prompt and energetic action. They were often sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort those who mourned, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prisons to them that were bound; but, as often, they were sent to cry aloud and spare not, to lift up their voice like a trumpet, to show God's own people their sins, and to make them see their transgressions. In a word, they were the revivalists and the reformers of their times, who in the accomplishment of their work were called both to wound and to heal.

Is there any reason to believe that the Church has outgrown the need of such an order of men? or that the time has gone by when she had a right to look for them? Surely, there never was a time when there was more pressing need of men possessing just such qualities, and armed with just such a commission as has been described. May we not be sinning against God, against the Church, and against the souls of men in not praying for them, in not expecting them, aye, and in not seeking such a spiritual state as would enable us to recognize them and co-operate with them, should God in His infinite condescension and compassion raise them up and send them forth.

It is because the subject of this article had so much in common with the ancient prophets, possessed so much of their spirit, resembled them so much both in the work which he did and in the results which he achieved, that I have selected the title which I have for this paper, and that these introductory paragraphs were written.

Charles Grandison Finney was born at Warren, Litchfield county, Connecticut, in 1792; born again at Adams, in Western New York, in 1821; and finished his course and entered into rest at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1875. He received a common school education. At seventeen he began to teach and soon after to study law. His conversion was remarkable for its suddenness and thoroughness. He felt an immediate call to preach, and immediately forsook the study of the law for the preaching of the Gospel. He was received under the care of a presbytery in 1822, and was licensed to preach in 1824. He was a many-sided man, and won for himself distinction in many different fields of Christian effort; but the work to which he was specially called, in which he most excelled, and in which he rendered the most signal service to the cause of religion, was that of a revivalist. In that work he was led by a divine instinct to engage as soon as he was converted; to it he devoted many of the best years of his life; and in it he was made, by the grace of God, the honoured instrument in greatly quickening the churches wherein he laboured, and in bringing many thousands of souls to the Saviour.

The history of the great religious movement, in which he was the central figure and the principal agent, which began in Northern New York

and spread to different parts of his own country, and even to more distant parts of the world, reads like an expansion of the Acts of the Apostles; and rebukes the superstition which leads so many to suppose that the peculiar manifestations of the grace of God vouchsafed to the Christians of the apostolic age, or any other particular period in the history of the Church, were not intended for all time, so far as necessary in order to meet the exigencies of the work of God. It is scarcely possible for anyone to read it without having his heart profoundly stirred, and being prompted to heroic effort in the work of soul-saving.

It will be interesting and instructive to take a rapid glance at some of the great revivals which took place in connection with the ministry of this modern successor of the ancient prophets; and then, as space may permit, to consider some of the elements of his strength, and the secrets of his success.

The first, and not the least of his revivals was that which began with his own conversion. He had no sooner attended to the matter of his own salvation than he began to zealously labour for the salvation of others. The first objects of his solicitude were the young people of the place in which he lived, among whom he had been a leader. He both prayed and worked for their conversion, and he soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing all of them, with a single exception, brought, one after another in quick succession, to the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins.

He engaged some time after this in the study of divinity; but while prosecuting his studies he never neglected the work to which he felt himself to be specially called. He acted upon the principle that, while to get knowledge is a good thing, to save souls is better. He did not neglect his studies; on the contrary, he pursued them with all diligence; but he did not allow them to dampen his zeal or to produce any abatement in his soul-saving efforts. He began to labour in northern New York as a missionary at large. His ministry was accompanied by powerful revivals which not only swept the villages where he laboured but spread into all the regions round about.

A curious chapter in the history of this remarkable man is the story of his marriage, and of the events which followed it. The young lady to whom he was married was a person of great refinement and of ardent piety, for whom he had a very strong affection. The people among whom he had been labouring at Evans' Mills were very anxious to retain his services. He had finally yielded to their importunities, and given them some sort of conditional promise that he would remain with them for a year. He was naturally elated with the prospect of beginning housekeeping, and having, for the first time since he left the shadow of his father's roof, a home of his own. He had gone to Whitestown, where his marriage took place, on horseback; and as his wife had been making preparations for housekeeping, not only she, but the household goods which she had collected had to be transported to Evans' Mills, a long way over a bad road. A day or two after his marriage he set off for his intended home in order to procure a conveyance for this transportation, expecting to be back in a few days.

But an unexpected delay took place. A messenger from Perch River appeared on the scene with an earnest request from the Christian people of that place that the young evangelist should go over and preach to them, as a gracious revival had followed his previous visit. He consented to do so, but the interest of the service was so great that he was constrained to remain for several days. By this time the revival

had spread to such an extent that it became impossible for him to leave it. Having written his wife that such were the circumstances that he must defer his coming for her "until God seemed to open the way," he spent the whole winter in this providential work.

After an absence of six months from his newly-married wife, during which time, owing to the imperfect postal arrangements at the time, they had seldom exchange of letters, the way seemed to open, and he set out on his long deferred journey. But when he had travelled about fifteen miles, the road was so slippery that he found it necessary to get his horse's shoes sharpened and reset. For this purpose he stopped at a blacksmith's shop. The people of the village gathered round him and besought him to preach. He consented to do so. The Spirit of God came down in great power. The work increased more and more, until it became evident that he could not go for his wife then, or probably for some time to come. He therefore commissioned one of the brethren to go for that lady while he remained to carry on the work. He says, "I went on preaching and had a great revival."

"About this time," says his biographer, "Finney passed through an experience which became characteristic of his later life whenever he was about to enter upon untried fields of labour.

Mr. Finney's own statement is as follows: "While I was at Brownville God revealed to me that He was going to pour out His Spirit at Governeur, and that I must go and preach. Of the place I knew nothing, except that there was so much opposition to the revival the year before. I can never tell why the Spirit of God made that revelation. But I knew then, and I have no doubt now that it was a direct revelation to me."

Subsequently, while he was in the midst of revival services at another village, the same voice came to him, saying, "Go to Governeur; the time has come." He went, and though he met with determined opposition in many forms, the promise made to him was fulfilled. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out, enemies were silenced, opposition was destroyed, and the cause of the Redeemer triumphed gloriously.

The sacred fire, after having spread through several smaller places, soon reached Rome, which was the scene of another remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. "The Spirit's work," Mr. Finney says, "was so spontaneous, so powerful, so overwhelming, as to render it necessary to exercise the greatest caution and wisdom in conducting the meetings to prevent an undesirable outburst of feeling that would have soon exhausted the sensibility of the people, and brought about a reaction." The work spread to Utica, to Auburn, to Troy and elsewhere; those were powerful revivals involving the quickening of the churches and the awakening and conversion of many hundreds of souls in all these places.

By this time, it will be seen, Mr. Finney had got out of the woods. He was no longer preaching in frontier villages and country neighbourhoods. He was now labouring in large cities, and coming in contact with people of culture. However, in Wilmington, Philadelphia, Reading, Columbia, New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Providence, and Boston, the same divine power attended his ministry, and the same effects followed. Another fact deserves to be noted, that he was no less successful abroad—in England and Scotland for example—than at home; and that even in old age he had no less spiritual power; indeed, some of the most remarkable revivals in which he was ever instrumental occurred when he was far advanced in life. This is true of that which took

place at Rochester, N.Y., in 1855–56, at which many of the *elite* of the city, including nearly if not quite all the lawyers there at the time, professed conversion. The closing years of his life were spent at Oberlin as professor of theology, pastor and college president, still as strength permitted conducting revivals throughout the country.

Now, what were the elements of Mr. Finney's strength and the secret of his success? In answering this question his personal qualities must not be overlooked. He had a fine physique, a large brain, a commanding person, an attractive and mobile countenance and an uncommon voice, both of which—his face and voice—readily lent themselves to the expression of every passion and feeling of the soul. His intellect was of a high order. His mind was logical, but he had enough imagination and intensity of feeling to set his logic on fire, and thus to realize the highest qualities of eloquence. He was a master of the art of extempore speech, depending far more upon general than upon specific preparation for the pulpit; so that, though his discourses were generally well thought out, the language and expression depended upon the inspiration of the moment.

His eloquence was that of the bar rather than that of either the popular assembly or the pulpit. He had a great love for the legal profession, and his studies and practice as a lawyer had given a forensic tinge to his mode of speech, which it never lost. The answer which he made to the deacon who called upon him the morning after his conversion to remind him that he had a case to plead for him which came on for hearing that day, and to express the hope that he was ready, was prophetic of the quality of his ministry down to the end of his life. "No, Deacon, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause; and I cannot plead yours."

He was not only a wide reader but a diligent and careful student. His study of a book, like that of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was usually an earnest discussion with the author, in which every position which he had taken was critically examined and controverted. His study of divinity was a protracted debate with the text-book and the minister who acted as his tutor. He was a man of strong common-sense, in whom the intuitions and primitive judgments which lie at the foundation of all reasoning and argumentation were clearly apprehended; and these, with the conscience, he regarded as internal revelation, the divinely constituted test of truth, with which everything that is really true must quadrate. To these his appeal was constantly made, both in his studies and in his preaching. In other words, he knew what was in man, and his appeals to it were constant, irresistible, and triumphant.

Then Mr. Finney was, in the strictest sense of the term, a gentleman. Though he came of poor parents, and his childhood and youth were spent in humble life, he had in his veins the blood of some of the oldest and best of the New England families, and among the personal qualities which came to him by inheritance were the instincts of a gentleman. Fundamental among these were his nice regard for the rights, and respect for the opinions of others, which were always apparent in his intercourse with men. He was a fine conversationalist, with large and ever-increasing store of information and anecdote to interest, enliven, and instruct whatever social circle he might have access to. He was a skilful musician, and sang well. He was familiar with the best poetry, among the rest with the works of Shakespeare, and few could read or recite them with greater appreciation and effect. These qualities, together with the dignity and gravity which are in-

separable from the character of the true gentleman, secured for Mr. Finney ready access to the best society in every place he visited. While it made him an educating force among humble classes with whom he came in contact, it secured for him an influence among the cultured and refined which he could not have otherwise had.

But while these natural endowments and personal qualities, both native and acquired, are of too much importance as elements of power and conditions of the largest possible success in the work of the Christian minister to be overlooked, they by no means account for the marvellous work accomplished by Mr. Finney. He might have possessed all these and yet never have been instrumental in one of the long series of revivals which resulted from his labours. They were valuable accessories, and the absence of them would have seriously crippled him in his work and limited his usefulness. But the secret of his marvellous power and great success is to be sought for in the supernatural and spiritual realm.

The foundation of all that he became, and of all that he accomplished, was laid out in the woods when, verging upon despair, he absolutely, unconditionally, and irrevocably surrendered himself to God, accepted of Christ as his King and his Saviour, and entered into peace. In the process of his conversion he learned several lessons which were of prime importance to him as a minister of Christ; and that were learned so effectually that they were never forgotten.

First among these was the "exceeding sinfulness of sin"—the infinitude of its evil and demerit. The revelation of this truth in this solemn crisis of his being left him absolutely without excuse, and shut him up to Christ as the only door of hope, as the only way of escape from perdition. He learned, too, the nature and importance of repentance, the utter renunciation of sin, and submission to God; and of faith, as not being a merely intellectual assent to the truth, but an act of the soul by which Christ is received as in the character in which he is revealed in the New Testament, as a Prince and a Saviour. He learned the sufficiency of divine grace, the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost all who come to God through Him.

But Mr. Finney was not only the subject of a remarkable conversion, in which each successive step in that divine change was clearly marked, but he was called of God to what I am inclined to call the prophetic office, and supernaturally anointed for that work. On the evening of the day on which he was converted, and only a few hours after that great change took place, he had an experience which, however some things about it are to be explained, evidently exerted a profound and abiding influence upon his character and his work. First, there was a vision of Christ, which was so vivid that, though he apparently afterward came to regard it as entirely subjective, the result of a purely mental state, it never occurred to him at the time that it was anything other than a real apparition of the Saviour. Subsequently to this, and distinct from it, was a baptism of the Holy Spirit which completely filled and inundated his soul.

This experience settled forever in Mr. Finney's mind two questions of permanent importance, that of the divinity of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that of his own call to preach the Gospel. His faith knew no eclipse; from the first it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and thus it continued to be down to the end of his long and useful life. The result was that, like his Master he spoke as one having authority not as one who *believed* merely, but

who *knew* whereof he affirmed. His faith was contagious as well as triumphant, and unbelief fled from his presence.

Mr. Finney's main dependence for success in his work was upon the faithful preaching of the Word, and the promised presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make it effectual. Something has been said of the manner of his preaching; of the matter of it he gives this account in writing of the great revival which occurred in the early part of his ministry at Governeur.

"The doctrines preached were those that I have preached everywhere, the total moral voluntary depravity of unregenerate man; the necessity of a radical change of heart, through the truth, by the agency of the Holy Ghost; the divinity and humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ; His vicarious atonement, equal to the wants of all mankind; the gift, divinity and agency of the Holy Ghost; repentance, faith, justification by faith, sanctification by faith; persistence in holiness as a condition of salvation; indeed, all the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel were stated and set forth with as much clearness as possible."

His preaching was in the best sense of the term doctrinal, not that his sermons had the least resemblance to mere theological lectures; but that each one of them consisted of the exposition, the argumentation, and pointed and almost personal application of some great Gospel truth. The first part of every sermon was devoted to fixing the truth under consideration in the understanding of his hearers, and making them perceive its reasonableness and that it carried with it the authority of the Most High. He never took another step until he felt that, by the help of God, this had been accomplished. It was not until this end had been gained that he felt that the foundation had been laid for those heart-searching and powerful appeals by which he sought, in every sermon, to move those who heard him to instant decision, and to prompt and definite action in the matter of seeking the salvation of their souls.

This was the end which he kept constantly in view in all his preaching. In the choice of his texts, in the selection of his subjects, as well as in their treatment, the immediate salvation of those who heard him was never lost sight of. He laid siege to the souls of men just as a skilful general who is intent upon conquest lays siege to a city. He believed that the unconverted in his congregations were in danger of hell; he believed that the Gospel which he preached was the only and the effectual means by which they might be saved; and he believed that through the omnipotence of truth, and the power of the Holy Ghost, if the remedy were only presented as it ought to be, they would there and then accept it and be saved. He expected immediate results. He could be satisfied with nothing less. And to the attainment of it all his energies and efforts were concentrated.

In order to this the first aim of his preaching was to work in his hearers a profound and thorough conviction, not only of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but of their own condition as utterly guilty and lost; and in this way to shut them up to Christ as the only way of escape. He did not preach about sinners, but he preached to them, and that, too, in the most pointed manner. He never left the impression upon the minds of those who heard him that, when he was speaking of the sins of the people, he did not mean their sins; on the contrary he took pains to make it clear that he meant them. He went about among them, he acquainted himself with them and their habits of life; and he dwelt upon their sins, the sins that he knew they had committed, not upon the sins of those who were not there. Sometimes he was almost as personal in the application of the truth as

Nathan was in his preaching to David, and as our Lord Jesus Christ was in preaching to the Scribes and Pharisees.

When he went to Antwerp, a young preacher who had just been licensed, and an entire stranger to the people, he met with a vast amount of profanity. The very atmosphere seemed to be the atmosphere of the pit.

He had obtained permission from the trustees to preach in the schoolhouse on Sabbath. On Saturday he gave himself very much to prayer. On the Sabbath morning he continued pleading with God until the time for the service arrived. He found the house packed. He began at once. He read to the people John iii 16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The points upon which he dwelt were the greatness of God's love, and the treatment which God received from sinners in return for His love. He dwelt especially upon the latter. How he managed this theme, and the effects, must be described in his own words: "I saw several were there from whom I had, the day before, heard the most awful profanity. I pointed them out in the meeting, and told what they said—how they called on God to damn each other. I told them they seemed to howl blasphemy about the streets like hell-hounds; and it seemed to me that I had arrived on the very verge of hell. Everybody knew that what I said was true, and they quailed under it. They did not appear offended. But the people wept about as much as I did myself. I think there were scarcely any dry eyes in the house."

"The people wept about as much as I did myself!" Aye, that was the secret of his success in the delivery of these terrible messages; they were messages from God, given him in answer to prayer, and they were delivered in the tenderness of pitying love. How could these people be offended with him though he told them such terrible truths, when he uttered them in tears—tears, no doubt, in his voice as well as in his eyes. No wonder that, as he tells us, "the labours of this day were effectual to the conviction of the great mass of the population."

In substance his method in dealing with sinners was ever the same. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." It is only when the patient is sensible of his disease that he is willing to accept the cure. Conviction of sin underlies the whole process of the soul's turning to God. There is no true repentance without it; neither is there any saving faith. This is the grand defect in the so-called revivals of our day, they are not accompanied with deep convictions of sin, with profound sense of guilt. Hence the absence of clearly marked conversions, of definite religious experience, of spiritual power. Hence, too, the latent scepticism, which like a dry-rot is eating into the very life of the Church.

But no presentation of the truth, however faithful or however skilfully presented, will produce the sort of conviction which underlies the highest form of religious character, such as is the special need of the Church, unless it be accompanied with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. This can only be obtained in answer to the prayer of faith. Mr. Finney was pre eminently a man of prayer. The spirit of prayer was the atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being. It was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all his undertakings. It was said of Luther that his words were half battles More than this might be said of Mr. Finney's prayers, they were not only half battles, they were often whole battles; many of his most signal victories being won

while he was on his knees. He was a living illustration of the promise, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." He lived before the mercy-seat, and the Shekinah rested upon him.

He was not only much in prayer himself, but he enlisted the prayers of others in behalf of the work in which he was engaged. If there were only two or three persons in a place on whom the spirit of prayer rested, who had a simple, pure, ardent desire for the salvation of souls, and who prayed separately and unitedly to God for a revival, he knew that his success was assured. Even one such person was a great source of strength. When revivals broke out in connection with his ministry in unexpected places, he generally learned that the secret of it was the fact that some godly person or persons had been instant in prayer on his behalf.

He was a wide reader and a diligent student, especially of books and subjects directly connected with the work of soul-saving, and therefore may be said to have been always preparing for the pulpit. But his specific preparation for preaching was mainly made upon his knees. His texts were generally given to him while he was at prayer, and were generally accompanied with such a flood of light that the whole sermon might be said to have been given to him in this way. It is said of Fra Angelico that he painted all his pictures on his knees; each one of his works was thus at once a picture and a prayer. And this might be said of Mr. Finney's sermons. Like the sword of Jehovah, they were bathed in heaven; no wonder that they did such marvellous execution when they came down upon the hearts and consciences of men, so that victory perched upon his banner, or rather on the banner of the Lord, wherever it was set up by him.

CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

SOCIAL WORK AT MILDMAY.*

TWENTY-TWO years have passed since the saintly William Pennefather, called to the service of the heavenly world, committed to other hands, in the absolute confidence of childlike faith, the work at Mildmay, to which his own winsome personality had seemed to others almost indispensable. To provide a place where, notwithstanding all conscientious differences as to Church government or modes of worship, every believer in Christ might find spiritual refreshment in fellowship, and abundant proof of the vital unity in allegiance to a common Lord which underlies all surface differences amongst His people; to provide a centre whence every form of Christian effort might radiate, where every variety of Christian work and every humble worker might be sure of sympathy and welcome—such was the root idea of the founder of the *Conference Hall*. Could an ideal demanding the most delicate spiritual instincts, as well as the most generous Christian sympathies, be sustained when the idealist should have passed away? Yes; for the sense of irreparable loss, so far from paralyzing effort, was accepted by the Mildmay workers as a challenge to rely on His word: "My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not."

Catherine Pennefather took up the sacred charge left by her devoted husband. Signal success has attended her quiet assumption of the direction of the manifold activities of Mildmay. And now that she too has passed within the veil, her own touching words in the first days of her bereavement instinctively recur to the band of earnest helpers on whom the responsibility of the ever increasing work must fall: "God would have us, like Abraham, account that He is able out of death and desolation to raise up such a harvest of blessing as eternity alone can measure; and because we believe this, to go forward without any collapse in our work."

An interesting feature of the life-work of William and Catherine Pennefather, as set forth in the bright little volume "Mildmay," recently issued by an American lady, is the entire absence of public appeal for funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather belonged by birth and association to the upper ranks of society; he as the son of Baron Pennefather of the Irish Bar, and she as the daughter of Rear-Admiral King, could naturally gain access to wealthy persons, by whom the necessary funds for the initiation of the work at Mildmay Park were unobtrusively contributed, frequently without direct solicitation. The buildings of the compound at Mildmay are strikingly plain, in deference to the wishes of a liberal friend who had contributed £5,000 in one sum on this condition. No ostentatious architecture has ever entailed a debt upon the premises. Yet the Conference Hall, with its free accommodation, its plain and comfortable seats, its admirable ventilation, and its bright texts on the walls, has proved entirely adequate to meet the needs for which it was designed. It is not kept for show nor for state occasions. Every Sunday afternoon and evening it is well filled by the attendants at a popular evangelistic service, where the glad tidings are preached with directness and simplicity. Nearly every day it is turned to good account. Now a cab-

* "Mildmay: The Story of the First Deaconess Institution." By Harriette J. Cook, M.A. "That Nothing be Lost." Daily Portions selected from Addresses by Mrs. Pennefather. (London: Elliot Stock.)

man's mission, now an orphanage, now some earnest missionary society avails itself of the large hall. We have been present on Boxing Night, when a motley group of all sorts and conditions of residents in North London, and even street wanderers, were held spell-bound in listening to the thrilling stories of the founder of the Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen. Perhaps the most impressive sight which the large hall affords is the vast audience of the annual conferences on some aspect of the kingdom of Christ, when, ere the speaking begins, every head is bowed in silent prayer. "To witness so many hundreds bowed in solemn silence before the throne of grace, pleading specially for the unconverted then present, filled me with awe," writes one of the first-fruits of Mildmay. "I wondered whether I was to be really converted that night." The serious thought thus aroused led him to Christ.

Every Tuesday morning the Association of Female Workers, of which Mrs. Pennefather remained President for more than thirty years, and which represents almost every known body of Christians, meets to remember before God its eighteen hundred members scattered over distant lands.

This little volume, the first systematic account of Mildmay operations, gives us a pleasant picture of life in the various buildings of the Mildmay compound. The Deaconess' Home was the first Protestant institution in England for the training of Christian women for active philanthropic and spiritual effort, the origin of which dates back to the impetus given by the labours of Florence Nightingale. Each has her regular duties assigned, yet there is no solemn ceremony introducing her to the sacred calling, no promise exacted, but all is ordered according to the spirit of the text which greets one in the entrance hall: "This is the law of the house: The whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy."

After speaking of the neat, distinctive dress of the deaconesses, Miss Cook, for a considerable time an inmate of the Home, continues:

"There is such a healthful, vigorous Christian life at Mildmay, nothing morbid. About fifty gather in the Centre House. These women were in the prime of life, some quite young. All seemed bright and alert, as though life was a very real good; I could not believe these faces were daily saddened by contact with the poorest and most wretched of London. This must be a sort of ideal life. These cannot be the women who work in the slums. . . Later I learned better. I found those whose faces are the brightest are the very ones who carry the same joy into the darkest homes, and who are the quickest to feel for the sinful, and to extend the helping hand. If you speak to them of hardship, of late hours and privation, they will say with merry laugh: 'Oh! I love my people; it would break my heart to leave them. I wish I might stay at my mission all of the time, but we may not; we must come up.'"

From this cheerful Centre by two and two the deaconesses go out to some of the twenty missions affiliated with Mildmay. The workers spend several nights in the week away from the Centre. Each mission has, of course, its own network of Bible-classes, night schools, and mothers' meetings. The details of such missions are now happily familiar to London Methodists. At the Lads' Institute at Bethnal Green, open every night, much has been accomplished amongst drunkards and trained pickpockets. A touching story is told by Miss Cook of how three pounds fifteen shillings had been stolen from an inexperienced deaconess, and how in answer to prayer and by quiet effort all the culprits were re-assembled in the mission-room.

"She sat down with them and talked quietly and gravely, taking as her text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Presently a boy sat down on the floor, pulled off his boot, and from this recepta-

cle produced a part of the missing coin; one and another followed suit, and concerning the remainder one boy confessed: 'It's at the stable, teacher; Smith, he's our banker, and took it there to hide. Let me go, teacher; I'll promise I'll come back.' The trust was not misplaced; he soon returned, the balance clasped in his hand, one pound seventeen shillings. The trembling culprits still awaited their sentence. 'Well, boys, I will forgive you all, this time.' Thus, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, rough hearts were won and kept for Christ, and now many are shining lights of the Bethnal Green Mission, a little Mildmay, as they fondly call it. 'Oh! now we believe in your religion,' said a poor man, long an infidel, 'because the ladies are come to live with us.'"

A large and successful Night School for men held under the Conference Hall, and various rescue and preventive homes, are also managed by the deaconesses. We refrain from mentioning individual names, remembering Mr. Pennefather's admirable rule: "*Keep the workers hidden; speak only of the work, to the glory of God.*"

In close connection with the Deaconess' Home, the Training School for missionary workers is realizing one of the earliest and most cherished schemes of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, a charming property called *The Willows,* overlooking Clissold Park, Stoke Newington. More than two hundred young women, many of them of wealth and culture, freely given to the work, have thus been trained, by wide acquaintance with missionary enterprise, by instruction in foreign languages, such as Hindustani, by systematic Bible study, chiefly expository, by practice in household management and in outside philanthropic effort, by acquaintance, many of them, with theoretical and practical teaching, for service in the foreign field.

"Their prayer-meeting," writes Miss Cook, "is a very precious hour of drawing near to God. As I was present at these meetings I realized they were not school-girls moved by a romantic sentiment to go to heathen lands, but a band of women who early in life have heard the voice, 'The Master has come and calleth for thee.' It is a beautiful sight—young women, who are well fitted for society at home, choosing the 'better part,' and consecrating the very brightness and beauty of an attractive life to Christ. How rich they are already in their earnest consecration! You cannot be with these happy Christians without feeling the power of Christ."

The Nursing Branch of the Deaconess' Institution stands deservedly high in public estimation, and is quite unable to meet all the demands made for its highly qualified workers. One of these has found a sphere as Superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital at Malta. Others occupy positions of responsibility in various parts of Great Britain. The Mildmay nurses are constantly reminded of the opportunity which their ministry of healing to the body affords them for bringing light and hope to anxious souls. Every nurse before leaving to fill an engagement spends a short time in prayer with the Superintendent, Miss Dean. This branch of the work is entirely self-supporting, and provision is made for the pensioning of superannuated nurses. A few steps from the Nursing Home is the picturesque Memorial Cottage Hospital, given by the generosity of Lady Hay. A brass tablet in the hall bears the inscription:

"To the Glory of God.

"In memory of William Pennefather in his work for God among rich and poor.

"And in memory of Duncan Hay, my beloved son, taken suddenly from me."

This gift was the answer to two years' earnest prayer on the part of the Mildmay workers, their first unpretending little Cottage Hospital having long become too strait for them. Of this one is reminded by the words which greet the eye on

entering the cheerful hall: "*Have faith in God.*"

In the Children's Ward, bright with toys and flowers and the sunny smiles of the nurses, we have another instance of the hallowed ingenuity of Mildmay in finding a motto of encouragement from the sacred Word exactly suited to the special work in hand: "*He shall save the children of the needy.*" Similar homes of hope and healing are found in the Cottage Hospitals at Enfield and at Barnet, besides which there is at Torquay a Mildmay Home for Incurables.

One of the most encouraging developments of the twofold ministry of healing, so specially laid upon the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Penefather, is found in the various medical missions in successful operation. The earliest and perhaps the most highly appreciated centres round the old hospital at Bethnal Green, which in 1877 was opened in Turville Street. "Our Hospital," as the Bethnal-greeners lovingly call it, is a transformation of a disused, dingy, and battered warehouse. In the course of fifteen years about five thousand cases have been received, whilst nearly a hundred and fifty thousand patients have visited the dispensary. Here twice a week a Gospel service is held, and eager crowds, representing every form of sickness and disease, and every grade of helpless poverty, may be seen responding to the efforts of the workers, who fulfil our Lord's command, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." As to the work of those who serve in the wards of "that cool, beautiful Hospital," as a poor, over-driven woman called it, we have received the testimony of a recent inmate, "They are just angels! That's all about it!"

One cannot wonder that this, the first Mission Hospital in London, where by patient skill the strong prejudice of the bird-fanciers, half-penny toy vendors, match-box makers, and silk weavers of Bethnal Green, against being nursed away from their own apologies for homes has been so successfully overcome, is regarded with almost reverent affection by the Mildmay workers. Here many of the students from The Willows receive, in the surgery and dispensary, as well as in the wards, much valuable practical instruction. It is interesting to note that the work has grown so satisfactorily that larger and better premises are about to be opened.

Dr. Burns Thomson, the founder in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, of the first medical mission, and the apostle of the movement, has found a quiet retreat at Mildmay, and still employs the remnant of his strength in giving weekly Bible readings to the deaconesses, as well as in supplying practical guidance in the selection of agents.

"In one way," writes Miss Goodwyn, the Lady Superintendent, "at Bethnal Green we are at a disadvantage. For while we must have skilful nurses and physicians, in addition to their professional qualifications they must be real, earnest Christians. We might often secure a skilful worker, who would be lacking in the one essential qualification. But as Christians we feel we must be thorough, that we may thus commend God's love to our patients."

"Have pity, have pity, Lord!" murmured Mrs. Pennefather as she lay on her death-bed, and the eager watchers thought that the plaintive plea had reference to her own sufferings; but in a few moments the feeble voice continued, "Have pity on those who do not know Thee."

That cry of compassion for the lost and homeless finds practical expression in the rescue and preventive work connected with many of the twenty Mildmay missions in London. At *The Haven*, in the Borough, Southwark, the dancing saloon of a low restaurant is now occupied by the mission room. The Shelter,

whose doors are never closed against a wanderer, is distinguished by a lamp bearing the message, "*God is Love.*" Lured by that friendly light, the gift to the Mission of the workers connected with it, more than a hundred friendless and sin-stained girls have passed into the night shelter in the course of twelve months. The work is managed with rare tact, and although no constraint whatever is put upon the inmates, a relapse to the old life is most unusual. Many wanderers are attracted by the small pink card, distributed in the streets by the deaconesses, bearing the invitation: "If you want to find a friend and wish to begin a new life, come to the mission room on Wednesday evenings between seven and nine. A cup of tea and a kind welcome. God says, "Why will ye die? Turn, live ye." Passing through the work-rooms of the Shelter into the Training Home at a short distance, a new life opens for these poor girls, who are henceforth placed in respectable positions. One young servant showed her gratitude by offering the whole of her first wages for the work.

Among the various missions more or less closely affiliated to the centre of Mildmay, we may name in passing the Bible Flower Mission, which does so much to brighten the cheerless lives of the inmates of our workhouses and hospitals. All through the summer months the gay posies, each with its Scripture motto neatly attached, are given out week by week to bands of ladies, who by means of their little errands of kindness gain access to the perplexities and troubles of many sorrowful hearts. The mission to the shoemakers of Northampton has also been greatly blessed. But perhaps amongst the outer circle of Mildmay operations no work has been more specially owned of God than the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, conducted since 1876 by the Rev. John Wilkinson, who had for many years been an honoured agent of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. In company with Mr. Adler, the son of a Polish Rabbi, Mr. Wilkinson has gained the ear of thousands of London Jews by open-air and mission services in Hebrew, German and English, the initial attraction being given by a huge placard bearing in Hebrew the whole of Isaiah liii. In various parts of Great Britain, in Sweden, the United States, Germany, Austria and Hungary, in North Africa, and recently amongst the emigrant Russian Jews of New York, as well as in Palestine and Egypt, marvellous results have been achieved by itinerant missionaries. Mr. Wilkinson's scheme of work includes "a wide and free distribution of Hebrew New Testaments throughout the world."

"The doors of the world," writes Mr. Wilkinson, "are opening to us amongst *Israel;* so by God's help and blessing we shall pursue this work with new energy and speed until every pound is spent, and then trust the Lord for more until He come." For many striking cases of conversion amongst Jews, who have suffered the loss of all things that they may win Christ, we refer the reader to the monthly report headed *Trusting and Toiling*, which appeared in the Mildmay magazine, *Service for the King.*

A recent number contains a touching account of the *Public-House Mission.*

"Had you been in Bethnal Green one night between eleven and twelve o'clock, you might have met a strange-looking procession. In front some one with a large lamp, followed by a group of men and women pretty well laden; for one has a chair which he carries with the four legs sticking up into the air, while others help the harmonium to move along, or shoulder the stand upon which the lamp is to be placed. What does it mean? Just this—we do not 'leave caring' for the *publicans*, and so our Vicar, the Rev. R. Loveridge, has organized a quarterly service for their special benefit, and we

are going the round of the public-houses in the district to invite all we find therein to the church at twelve o'clock. If you will fall in behind for a moment you shall see what we do. Here is our first stand. A ring is quickly formed, the chair and the harmonium find their proper level, our lamp is fixed, and we are ready. The Vicar gives out a hymn, and into the midnight air strikes out the message, 'Sinners Jesus will receive.' Solos, choruses, texts, short, bright testimonies, a few verses from God's Word, some brief, hearty exhortations, another hymn, and we move on, but not before the public-house door has opened, and many heads, both male and female, have been thrust out. Those whose duty is to visit the bars have been inside and come out again, leaving some little books and a hearty invitation to the service. The response is generally perfectly civil.

"One promise is worthy of mention as an honourable exception to the pie-crust rule. 'Yes, I'll come, when we close.' And the publican *did* so, bringing with him fourteen men who happened to be in his bar when the usual 'Time's up, gentlemen,' sounded at the closing hour.

"A cold little hand is laid in ours, and a childish voice says pleadingly, 'Teacher, let me come along with you.' 'It's time you were in bed, and fast asleep, little woman,' we reply, as stooping down we look into the bonny blue eyes of an eight or nine-year-old lassie, and shudder as we think of the early acquaintanceship with evil such a childhood must involve. 'There ain't nobody in; mother's got the key, and she's round the corner at the Flowerpot; father I seen at the Black Dog; Polly's out with her young man at the theatre, and it's *so* cold on the door-step.' This is the sort of picture that little one would give of her home-life; not an overdrawn one either, as we who live and work in Bethnal Green can testify. The church bell has ceased ringing, and the procession passes through the door, having gathered on its march about thirty or forty friends who have come, some out of curiosity, some with a true wish for better things. We can thank God for pledges taken after these midnight services, which have been, indeed, the first step on the right way; and for some whom we first saw there, who have afterwards joined our meetings. A few have become regular members of our Men's Institute."

As we read from time to time the records of calmly fervent zeal in every department of social and spiritual philanthropy, we realize with thankfulness that, however great is the loss entailed by the withdrawal of the personal presence of Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather, there is a stability about the institutions of Mildmay which will continue to give a hundredfold increase to its labours of love.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

IS PEACE ON EARTH?

Is peace on earth? Then why the cannon's mouth?
  Is Christ your King? Then why rain shot and shell?
  Is man your brother? Then why in light of hell
Place liquor's awful flood in mouth of youth?

When on the battle-field does heaven ope
  And, doves descending, ring a message clear?
  Or do the shot and shell their passage tear
Through human flesh, till only stones cry, Hope?

Ye license voters of our Church and State,
  Is Christ's life all in vain? Is peace on earth?
  O women! ye who gave to all men birth,
Have ye no word, no cruel wrongs to state?

Then banish war! Then banish drink from earth!
  Hold with love's arms your darling little ones,
  For days will come anon when war's fierce tones
Will cease and men arise to Godlike worth.

—*The Templar.*

TWO NOBLE LIVES.*

THIS book offers to our gaze the portrait of two fair, high-born sisters in the full radiance of youthful loveliness, severely sweet; simplest robes of antique design follow the flowing lines of each young figure, and reveal the curves of the stately neck on which each young head is poised lightly as a flower on its stem; and flower-like in unstudied grace of pose and unconscious beauty of aspect are both these gentle creatures, whose large, candid eyes look forth softly and steadily from under their shadowy eyelashes. "Bright, consummate flowers," indeed, last and loveliest of their ancient line, Charlotte and Louisa Stuart look what they were, the fair embodiment of its best qualities—grace, goodness, rare intellectual power, harmonized with that "unaffected dignity" which made the younger sister "something almost to worship" —as Thackeray put it—in her ripened womanhood. Full forty years have passed away since the painter drew these two long-sundered sisters for us, but it is only the other day since the younger of the twain departed from our midst in the fulness of years and honours, beautiful until the very last, with the beauty shining forth from a pure and noble heart and soul, as the touching picture testifies which shows her to us, at more than threescore and ten, "Waiting for the End." "She has been," said one who loved and survived her, "a priestess of the Most High, leading one upward along the paths of beauty and goodness." Strong words, but, as we trust to show, not too strong in reference to this calmly fervent servant and follower of the Christ whom she confessed and rejoiced in, and whom her beloved elder sister served and followed also, through the whole of her life.

With something more of truth than often accompanies the use of a once very significant phrase, it might be said of Charlotte and Louisa Stuart that they were "born in the purple"; it was theirs to breathe all through infancy and early womanhood the rare and difficult air of courts; children of an old illustrious house that had long been noted for political ability, they first saw the light in Paris, where their father was acting as English Ambassador; thrice he was charged with that office, and each time he performed his difficult functions with a success well merited by his tact and integrity, and much enhanced by the social powers of his wife, who, though "undistinguished and plain in appearance," reigned a real queen of society by virtue of the singularly "captivating manners and the unequalled conversational charm" which in her were united to much practical wisdom, fine spirit, and honesty. We shall look in vain through all the numerous letters written by Lady Canning and Lady Waterford for any florid eulogy, rich in superlatives, of their mother's admirable qualities; but both gave her always, with free, ungrudging hand, the better homage of true daughterly love, confidence, and obedience; she was ever in full intelligent sympathy with their pursuits and interests, and in every time of doubt and difficulty their trust was constant in her; in the hour of darkest distress it was her presence that was longed for and that brought the only possible earthly comfort;

* "The Story of Two Noble Lives." Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By AUGUSTUS C. HARE, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." Three vols. London: G. Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road, and Sunnyside, Orpington. This article is abridged from the *London Quarterly*.

and, when all had been done and borne that there was to do and bear, when she had long entered into rest, it was still her sweet old face, with its soft, loving eyes and the gentle benignity of its smile, that hovered, a comforting vision, before the dying eyes of her last surviving daughter, herself an aged saint, who was tranquilly and hopefully fording the dark river where it runs shallowest.

In addition to rank and wealth and power, the Stuart sisters were endowed with every dangerous natural gift; with the rare, dazzling loveliness, at once lofty and splendid, that inspires instant romantic affection; with poetic imagination; with a keen sense of humour; with the power of vivid and graceful literary expression; with so much of the painter's faculty as might be said to constitute a real genius for the art; and, in Lady Waterford's case there were added unusual musical powers that, united to a rich and thrilling voice, constituted yet another charm and another peril—"a spell of powerful trouble." All these lavish endowments, the least of which has sometimes proved the ruin of an unwise possessor, not only were harmless to the daughters of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, but became in their hands a source of pure delight and unmixed good to the many whom they could influence; and we never can detect in them undue elation on account of the powers that they held in trust from God; there is even a certain inclination to underestimate their own gifts. It would seem as if only the persistent adoring homage of the husband to whom she gave herself with full, free, lifelong devotion had made Louisa Stuart, Marchioness of Waterford, fully aware of the most obvious of her attractions—the transcendent personal beauty which, though changed and toned down by the leveller Time, was still with her as a winning charm in the late evening of life. There is a tender pride in her remembered words, when someone recalled to her the exultation of her husband over the extreme beauty of the bride he had won, not without difficulty, and related how, as they drove into the gate of his Irish domain, he had lifted the folds of her long veil to let the crowding peasants see how fair was their new lady. "Yes, my Waterford *was* proud of me," she said fondly; but *her* pride was in the remembrance of the exceeding love that had never failed her, not in the attractions which first won it. Her own thoughts at that long-past moment of womanly triumph had been far differently occupied. A cock-fight was in full progress outside Curraghmore gate as Lord Waterford and his newly-wedded wife approached it; squalid hovels disgraced the streets of the villages on the estate; rags, dirt, idleness, and beggary were the order of the day for the inhabitants. "I will never rest till all that is changed, till they have better amusements, better homes, are industrious and prosperous," was the thought in the heart of the girl, fresh from very different scenes in England; and the thought abode with her, and was steadily and successfully carried into practice, through the many years that she dwelt, a humanizing and civilizing influence, among the warm Irish hearts that were not long in learning to love her.

A gift less transitory, which many would consider a more legitimate subject for complacency, was the undoubted early developed power of poetic figure-composition, the skill with the brush first exemplified when at ten years old she made, to please her parents, an excellent copy of a fine Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait of a brother they had loved and lost. All her life long she continued the daily practice of this art, not more for her own satisfaction than for the profit of her

neighbours; but numerous other duties debarred her from concentrating herself on this pursuit with the entire devotion that she considered essential to real excellence, and no amount of laudation from others could bring her to claim for herself the great name of artist. "An amateur's work, nothing more —not so very bad for an amateur—but not good," was the quiet verdict she passed on her own work when she saw it publicly exhibited among the works of professional artists who had given to their craft the amount of study she did not think right for herself. "A proprietress has no business to give up her life to art," she once replied to an enthusiastic relative who urged on her such consecration.

Her husband at his death had left to her for life his great domain of Ford on the Border; and there was much to do for it always—not only an old historic home to renovate and hand on to the natural heirs in fitting condition, but schools to build, church and parsonage to rear, a village to be improved into beauty and order, a numerous tenantry to be constantly ministered to, suffering and sorrow in all classes to be soothed and comforted. These things were not compatible with the true artist-life. So, without a murmur of regret, she devoted herself to plain, obvious duty, and practised chiefly as a pastime, or for evident benefit to others, the art that was a living delight to her.

She had the reward she did not work for, in the loving homage of all those to whom she gave her life-service. Love and loving help she had indeed given freely, right on from the time when, a bride of twenty-one, she wished to introduce cleanly habits into the Irish cabins, and would herself "go and make the beds, to show how it should be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms."

Louisa Stuart's quiet, practical endeavour for the uplifting of the six hundred men employed on her husband's Irish estates; the "stable school" she set on foot for the grooms and stable-lads busied about Waterford's numerous stud, by means of which she turned what is too often a hotbed of vice into a nursery for manly virtues; the woollen manufacture which she and her husband, with much expenditure of money, time, and patience, succeeded in fostering into thriving life for the betterment in condition of his numerous tenantry, who originally knew and could practice no other industry but the most inefficient agriculture: and the new churches which the pair built and entrusted to the ministry of a true shepherd of men's souls, as a thank-offering for Louisa's recovery from the effects of an almost fatal accident—one church being reared on the mountain-side at the very spot where two runaway horses flung her senseless from the carriage Waterford had been driving; the other placed at Curraghmore gate, to which he had borne her, still unconscious, down the mountain slopes and through a rapid river—as a knight of old might have done —that help might come to her all the sooner, are noble monuments of a noble life. The hillside church was so placed, not to please a loving fancy merely, but because there it was most accessible and central for the scattered folk dwelling amid the lonely glens, who scarce ever had been able to worship God in His own house before.

Most fitly is the story of her long life of unwearied beneficence closed by an anecdote most touching, preserved by the younger friend who has edited these memorials The "dear lady's" small personal possessions were being distributed after her funeral, which took place among her own people at Ford; servants and retainers were allowed to choose this relic and that for a

memorial of her; and the "odd man" caused surprise by asking if he might have "my lady's old sealskin jacket?" What could be his reason for so strange a choice? He was willing to tell. My lady had been driving out in her little donkey-chair, he was walking at her side, when her quick eye espied a poor female tramp lying in the wayside ditch—not intoxicated, but deadly faint and ill. My lady got out, bade the man help her to lift the poor creature into the carriage, took off her sealskin jacket and put it on the woman to keep her warm, and walked beside the carriage all the way home, cheering the poor soul with sweet, loving words. "But it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about," said the man, "but that she did not consider her jacket in the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp. *She wore it herself afterwards,* as if nothing had happened."

Here is the true secret for doing away with class injustice, class hatreds; here the secret of equalizing high and low in a brotherhood that does not destroy degrees of rank, but makes them of no practical account in hindering mutual help; here the secret of rendering wealth and power not merely harmless to the possessors, but of immense profit to all who come within their sphere. But that secret can be learnt only at the feet of the Lord—from the inspiration of Him who gave us the immortal parable of the Good Samaritan.

We have not now the space to say much of the kindred story of Lady Canning, whose lot it was to dwell on the high places of the world, to lead a more conspicuous, a less blissful, a briefer life than her sister: for after having stood loyally, grandly, lovingly, by her husband's side, when, as Governor-General, he steered our Indian Empire safely through the raging storms of the Mutiny year, after having helped him and served her country to the uttermost by her sympathy with all his difficult work, her ready, eager aid to the piteous sufferers, her generous defence of guiltless natives against the cruelties of the panic-stricken and the cowardly—she sank and died of Indian fever, within a few months of the date fixed for their much-desired return to England, leaving him so bereft and heart-broken that in seven months thereafter he too had followed her to the grave. We cannot linger on the touching, true-love romances of each sister's marriage, on the tragic tale of Lady Waterford's sudden widowhood, on her beautiful patience, her heroic and cheerful acceptance of a long, childless, and at last very lonely, life of bereavement; we cannot even indicate the wealth of illustration of the social, political, artistic, and literary life of the long period covered by these records, full of vivid and delightful interest as they are. For all these we must refer our readers to the charming volumes themselves. But one point we must emphasize—these lives of rare excellence and beauty and widespread usefulness were lived in simplest obedience to the plain, old-fashioned Gospel, accepted from the heart by each of these highly-gifted, cultivated women as the only saving truth, and through which both alike realized the mighty power of God to save even to the uttermost, and to bless with abundance of peace amid all troubles and all temptations. For them indeed was fulfilled the prevailing prayer of the Redeemer; "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil"; for them, too, was fulfilled His sacred promise, "He that followeth Me shall *not* walk in darkness."

RUM'S ARRAIGNMENT.

BY BISHOP FOSTER.

WHENCE comes this spectacle in Christian lands? How has this alien grown up about our Christian altars to such dreadful proportions? It is here, and confronts us everywhere. It is the cancer on the face of Christendom, the blistering shame on the fair countenance of Christian civilization, engendered of the rum shop, and the lust-god of mammon and pleasure.

The vicious classes are Christian born. Think for a moment, that this Christendom has authorized, by law and sanction of the State, the creation of this frightful pest gang; that it has provided for its creation; that it is here not in opposition to, but of her own will; that by formal and deliberate legislation, brought about by Christian votes, she has opened, in all her towns and cities, slaughter-houses of men, women and children, and of all virtue, and employs millions to do this dreadful work; that she has done this and continues to do it with her eyes open, and with full knowledge and purpose; that she has prepared, planned and deliberated in government chambers for the production of these desperate classes; that her employed and licensed minions do this for pay.

For a generation Christendom has been hearing a low growl from the kennel, where she is battening these wild beasts of passion: a growl in the kennel as they have crushed their victims. "What means the roar to-day along Trafalgar Square and London streets?" It is the beast, loose and shaking his mane. Pamper him a little more on government joints, and no kennel-bars will hold him. Fitted for raven, he will raven to the full. Rum engenders poverty; poverty and rum engender crime. From the government rum-shop the wild beast hunts his prey. Is Christendom struck with judicial blindness, that she sleeps? Are her eyes holden, that she cannot see? There are armies marching and countermarching, with banners on which are emblazoned dynamite, anarchism, communism, nihilism, labour-league, no-Sabbath, down with the Church and State, recruited from the dram-shop and officered from the kennel. Are we so deaf that we do not hear the tramp of the gathering legions? Nations that license murder for pay will be murdered for plunder; nations that batten the wild beast of passion will be devoured by the wild beasts of rapine and ruin. The rum-hole must be closed or the rum-hell will engulf Christendom. What shall be done with Christian rum is the problem. What shall become of the Christian world? Answer it with license, or authorization, or tempering policies, is it difficult? Strike it down, cage the beasts that vend the frenzy in the only place to which they belong, the criminal cell, and the kennel will disperse. There is but one remedy. We have had experience enough to have learned what this is. The nation must put an end to transforming men into beasts by law, and must put the beasts who do it into a limbo where their sorceries will cease. The conflict is now upon us. It is a life and death struggle. The government is on the side of the beasts; the people make the government. Shall the rum fiend still carry on his carnival of death? Shall the rum minions, at the still, behind the bar, at the bar, in the gutter or in the mansion, rule? Or is there enough of manhood among us to save Christendom from the damning shame? The answer we make to that ques-

tion determines fate. If Christianity has not power to save Christendom, where is our hope? With what face, then, can we go to the heathen? There is no devil-worship in Africa more degraded, more lost to all shame than the demon-worshipper of rum; no high-priest of the sorceries of heathenism more diabolized than the minions of the Christian states authorized to manufacture and vend the poison. Paganism can muster no miscreants from all her realms more debased than the rum army; no festering pest-house — not even the Chinese opium-den — more deadly to virtue than the Christian rum-hole. Must it be endured longer? Must the race be doomed to go into the future with this millstone fastened about its neck by legislators of Christian states? Are our tyrants too much for us? Then farewell to hope.

Who doubts that there is a remedy for this state of things? It is not unknown. This evil is rampant not of necessity, but we have not the courage or desire to apply the remedy. It is simply needed that right-minded people combine to do the work, and in this, as in every case of a crying evil, the Church must lead in the reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which she is the recognized guardian.

It cannot be effected by moral suasion, by sermons, by prayers, or by abstinence of the well-disposed. It is a case where the arm of the law and force repressive is the only resort. It belongs to the department of crimes, and must, of necessity, be met by criminal law, faithfully executed. The rum-seller is a criminal and must be amenable to criminal law.

The traffic must cease to be treated as a question of right and liberty of individual choice, as the pursuit of a legitimate calling, as much so as theft, or murder, or any other crime. It belongs to the same category and nothing but sophistry can give it any other place. The rum-seller is an unmitigated enemy of society, dangerous to public welfare; there is no criminal of deeper dye. He has been petted by the State; respectability has been thrown around his most atrocious crime; he has been protected in it by law, has been permitted to live among us as a free, respected citizen, pursuing a legitimate calling; to hold up his head and walk the streets as the equal of respectable men; has become the boon companion of law-makers; permitted to appear in court and sit in juries as a virtuous citizen. He has been allowed to open his doors upon the public streets and drive his business in open day, the peer of honourable tradesmen. So long as this remains his business will flourish. There is no mortal power that can reach him. He will continue to be defiant and be more contemptuous of decency every day.

There is but one road of deliverance from this pestiferous evil. It is not obscure; it is the plain, straightforward road of simple honesty in dealing with a case of pronounced crime. The rum-seller is a criminal pure and simple; he must be treated as such in law and administration. The brand of felon must be upon his brow, and he must be made to take his place in the felon's dock, and in the felon's cell, or on his gibbet. This kind goeth not out by fasting. This is the position the Christian Church must assume, and to which the Christian states must be forced by right-minded people. It must be made impossible for legislators and courts and the police, set for public protection, to be complicated with crime. There is no other road to salvation, and on what grounds can we hesitate to take this? Whose rights suffer thereby? What public interest suffers thereby? What principle of justice is violated thereby?

TIME.

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

ETERNITY is the same as time, only more so. Time is a little parenthesis, a bit of a piece cut off and measured. Eternity is a limitless, surfaceless ocean extending not only laterally, but vertically and nadirly. On a little island, on millions of them, there are successions of events, as geologic æons or heart-beats, and these segregated bits of eternity are called time.

What shall we take for starting-points of measurement and units of measure? In space we have the king's foot, variable as the king varies; but what shall be definite and exact as a measure of time? It is hard to tell. Heart-beats vary with youth and age. Earthquakes are confessedly uncertain, and sunrise and sunset are most irregularly regular, yet they are most markedly apparent. We could hardly select a more indefinite measure of time. Sunrises vary in different latitudes from twelve hours to six months. No two different longitudes have sunrises at the same time, and different altitudes, within a mile of each other, may have sunrises differing by an hour. Different seasons constantly add to the excessive variations. This world should dismiss the sun altogether and utterly as a time-keeper. What little help he is supposed to give us would be of no value in other worlds. On the surface of the giant planet Jupiter the sunrises are more than twice as often as here, while on the sun itself there is no sunrise at all, and on other suns the existence of ours is hardly more than suspected.

Of course there is no reason but an arbitrary one for having twenty-four hours, or 1,440 minutes, in a day. We might as well reverse the terms and numbers. Where shall we find a regular starting-point? We might take the moon. It is evidently new, with tolerable regularity, once in twenty-nine and a half days; but there are over sixty causes of irregularity in its course, and its period is too long. It may do for Indians, who have few events in life worth noting, to say that such a thing happened a heap of moons ago. Definiteness, and even exactness, is a sign of culture. In some parts of the country you can hardly extort a more exact statement of distance than, "It will take you a considerable spell to foot it," or "It is a right smart ways." We might also take the sun's greatest northing or southing for a measure, and a year for a unit. But it is both difficult to ascertain and variable. We must refuse anything so near as sun or moon, and for our measures go to the stars.

These seem to be set in a dome above, around and below us, and the earth spins in the middle a thousand miles an hour. Thus in twelve hours we point our feet at the immovable stars which are over our heads at this moment. Here is an exact measure: It has been demonstrated that the earth has not altered its axial rotation one-hundredth of a second in two thousand years. The world's speed in its orbit differs from about seventeen miles a second at aphelion to nineteen miles a second at perihelion. The whole length of a line from the north pole through Boston to the south pole passes a given star practically at the same instant. How shall we ascertain that instant? We might erect a perpendicular wall running north and south, and looking up the smooth western side of it note the moment when the earth's revolution brought the plane of the wall in the direction of the star. We could thus

fix time within a second, but that would be clumsy and inexact. We set up a telescope turning on its axis in a north and south plane, and sit down to watch for the instant when our eastern movement shall enable us to see the star through our tube. To know where the middle is, we draw a bit of spider's web of almost microscopic diameter across the aperture north and south, and note the time when it bisects the star. To be more definite, we add two or more webs on each side of the middle one, and get the average of all the transits. Formerly the observer estimated the time of the bisections in tenths of a second. He might see the first one at 18 hours 6 minutes 27.1 seconds, and the others in order, 27.45 seconds, 27.8, 28.15, and 28.5. The average would be at 27.8 seconds. But part of it is guesswork, and the man soon falls into ruts, guessing some particular number of tenths more frequently than others. All guesswork must be eliminated from processes meant to be exact. Now the time is kept for the observer on a cylinder, revolving regularly, on which the clock marks every second at regular spaces. By means of an electric button, which the observer holds in his hand, a dot can be put between the second marks at the instant of the bisection of the star by each spider web. These can be measured to the hundredth or thousandth of a second. The observer has nothing to do but observe and press his button—all guesswork has been abandoned.

But it is found in practice that two observers of the same thing do not make the same record. One, in his sanguine temperament, sees it before it happens. His phlegmatic brother is not sure he sees it till after it has occurred. Besides, one man's physical machinery acts more slowly than another's; it takes longer to get a thing through one man's hair and at his finger's end than through another's. This is ascertained for each observer, and that amount of time is subtracted from that man's recorded observations.

Having ascertained the exact time, say at Washington, it is telegraphed to cities for two thousand or more miles, and in each city an instrument shows to a minute fraction of a second what the time is in Washington. It would be much better if we would keep the same time all over this world, and let each clock strike twelve at the same instant. Then every man's time-keeper would be always and everywhere right; but we are so narrow and local that we insist on having our own middle of the day at twelve o'clock. It might just as well be six or twenty-four.

But why are we so anxious for such minute accuracy? All progress demands it. No man who has the spirit of this age says, "A meeting will be held at early candle lighting or thereabouts." But he says at 7.30 sharp. Trains start on time, and the man who is a minute behind gets left. The engineer whose watch is thirty seconds wrong may dash himself and his load of humanity to death. Railroad companies pay vast sums yearly for getting and keeping exact time.

But why should these tenths and thousandths of seconds be sought? In California, in 1845, you could calculate on the arrival of freight within six months and be mistaken; in the Black Hills, in 1880, you could calculate within six weeks on the arrival of freight by teams of twenty-two oxen; but on the overland train you can calculate to an hour and be right. The higher you go the greater the speed, and the more important the freight the more exact you must be. Worlds are more important than ox-teams, and humanity more important than grindstones and iron. Hence worlds go thousands of times as fast—and our own world 20,000. To get any knowledge among these you must be 20,000 times as exact.

An astronomical clock is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. It costs $800. The one in Denver is attached to a solid stone pier sixteen feet square, which is sunk twenty feet in the ground. It is not shaken by the winds. Stability is necessary to perfect work. A common iron pendulum influenced by the varying temperatures of winter and summer will make a clock vary a minute a week. This is corrected partly by keeping the clock in a nearly equable temperature, and partly by arranging a pendulum that will keep the same length in all the variations of temperature.

Another cause of unreliability is the varying density of the atmosphere. Of course a pendulum could not swing in the pea-soup atmosphere of London the same as in the light air of Denver, nor the same in the hourly changes of weight as indicated by the barometer. When the barometer rises an inch, the greater weight shortens each second 1-86 400ths of itself. That equals a whole second a day—an error that cannot be tolerated.

The shape of the pendulum bob contributes to its facile passage through the air; and the shape best adapted is found to be, not a flattened disk, as would be expected, but a cylinder.

After all possible ingenuity has been expended, no clock can be made to run accurately. Hence if an error of one-fourth of a second a day is found, it is corrected by putting little weights on the pendulum or taking them off. Ten grains on a pendulum weighing fifteen pounds will accelerate the clock one second a day.

Amidst so many causes of variation no clock can be made to run perfectly. Hence it is customary to allow for its known errors.

A SPLENDID PAUSE.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE Christmas celebration once more signals its approach, and into December's dreary drift of shortening days we welcome this fair messenger of brighter and happier hours.

For nearly twice ten hundred years increasing throngs have paused amid the walks and works of life to share the common joy which somehow or other springs from the event which has not failed to fling its impress and influence across the world. Explain it as we may, something transpired in the East about twenty centuries ago, and from that time to this has fixed with imperious, authoritative hand the calendar of civilized nations and the registers and chronicles of the world.

Every book from the printing press, every morning's newspaper, every letter of affection, every bequest from the dying and every contract of the living bear witness to the truth of the Christian story.

It may be said that every man who reads or heeds December 25th, 1895, consciously or unconsciously, recognizes the great fact upon which the whole stupendous structures of Christianity and Christendom so firmly and serenely rest.

It is not a matter of surprise that men are asking with an ever-deepening wonder what mighty, overmastering impulse it is that has travelled over the vanished empires and institutions of two thousand years, and still proves itself sufficient to touch and move the word's big heart today and inspire it with loftier, sunnier moods than all other events combined can do. What august transaction is it that has crossed the earth's horizon and left its imperishable track upon all the subsequent

years and wins a wider recognition and commemoration as the generations come and go? Surely, any event that can lay its hands of power upon the swiftest, busiest of all ages and arrest its vast and infinitely varied machinery, that can draw out the richest harmonies of praise and joy and command the homage of the most enlightened peoples of the globe, some eighteen hundred years after its occurrence, forever refuses to be classed among the things that are commonplace, or to be pushed aside without some fair and adequate explanation. It is the veriest nonsense to assert that this Christmas anniversary is the creation of some outburst of empty sentimentalism, some brilliant hallucination, or memorable and immortal dream.

Such solutions are met by a fierce intellectual protest and rebellion, and cannot for a moment bear the pressure which the situation and facts placed upon them. No bewitching wizardry of remote ecclesiastics, and no charm of sorcerer's art can hush the poorer elements in the world's tumultuous life and ring to their merriest peal the joy-bells of this most tropical age that time has ever seen.

It is only when we cast the lead of our inquiry into deeper waters that we reach the answer which satisfies the severest demands. In the Christian teaching of the Incarnation we find the fact which crowns and glorifies the sacred page, and in this fact we discover the dynamo which has sent its light through the long coil of past centuries, and which is still shining at our end to-day. In God manifest in the flesh the far-off promises are realized, the unconscious wailings of the heathen ages are met with the divinest response, and in the Christ of the New Testament, humanity in all its sorrows, mysteries and needs, finds a broad, strong, central column of relief against which to lean amid all the convulsions and almost tragic changes of an unhappy world.

The long years did wait the coming of the Redeemer, and when He came the "one great hour of time" was fixed forever. The Christmas rejoicings, in their truest interpretation, commemorate the occasion when the Infinite and Unconditioned projected Himself into His own Creation and thus became known as never before to finite intelligence. From that day of glorious revelation of the unseen, time's deeply-furrowed brow began to brighten with the dawn of happier days. A new epoch was ushered in. Silences old as creation were broken, massive veils of perplexing uncertainty were lifted, and visions transcendent of God flashed forth to gladden the pilgrimage of millions through all the succeeding years.

The advent of Jesus aroused a slumbering world, started revolutions rather than reformations of existing conditions, turned the stream of history into new channels and lifted signals of blessing everywhere for a struggling and famishing race.

Gail Hamilton, speaking of the present hold of Gospel truth upon men, says that "it requires no learning to see that the stamp of Christ is on Christendom, and that the stamp of Christendom is on the world, and if by any means the name and the story of Jesus Christ and everything which has come from it into the life of the world, could suddenly and completely be burned out of the memory and consciousness and record of man, society would be a chaos."

As we greet again the great Christian festival and rejoice in its deep and everlasting significance, we can join the Church universal in worshipping the living, diademed Immanuel, and sing:

> "Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
> Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
> Though earth and time and life should fail,
> Thy praise shall never end."

Bathurst, N.B.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE MASSES.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

JESUS CHRIST was essentially a man of the people—a working man. He spent all his days among the poor; and, after his public life had begun, he almost lived in the crowd. He was constantly surrounded by the crowd. Nothing is more characteristic of Jesus Christ than the familiar saying that "the common people heard him gladly." Therefore, when we come across anybody whom the common people do not hear gladly, he may be a very estimable man, but we know that he is not like Jesus Christ. I was very much struck by a remark I heard in Scotland about an undoubted Christian. Someone said of him, "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ." How many good men there are who are really very good men, but who do not remind us of Jesus! No man can really remind us of the Jesus of the gospel unless he loves the people, and is loved by the people. I admit the truth of Tennyson's awful impeachment that "the churches have kill'd their Christ," and that we have presented to the masses of the European peoples all sorts of false Christs, caricatures of Christ. But the real Christ is one who, when seen, attracts the crowd everywhere. Wherever Jesus went he was surrounded by the multitude.

The best excuse we can offer for politicians of all classes, and of all sections and positions in society, who either hate or fear the masses of the people, is that they do not know the people. One of the greatest calamities of the existing social condition of this country is that between us—who I suppose all belong to the privileged and fortunate classes—and the masses of the suffering poor there is too often a great gulf fixed. We know very little of them, and they know very little of us. As one has well said, "Beneath the sea there is another sea." You may be a large employer of labour, but what do you know about the men and women you employ? Between them and you there exists too frequently only what Carlyle, in his grim, vivid way, calls a "cashnexus." They come on Friday or Saturday for their wages. They get so much money for so many hours' work, paid through a hole in the office-window. If you do not want them any longer, you give them notice to quit; and in the same way, if they do not wish to remain with you, they give you notice. That is the beginning and that is the end of the existing social relation between capital and labour.

I am quite sure the suspicion and dread which rise in many minds with respect to the masses of the people would disappear if we knew them better. Victor Hugo is right when he says, "Mix with the people and love them, and you will trust them." Do not be afraid of the roaring and advancing tide of democracy. Rush into the midst of it, take a header into it—to use the phrase Mr. Spurgeon employed once in this place. Mix freely with the people. It will help to purify you of your innate selfishness, and you will come out the crowd glowing with the enthusiasm of humanity. This, at any rate, is true: when Jesus Christ saw the people, he had compassion on them. When he looked at Jerusalem, he wept over it. Why? Why did the masses of the people excite in the heart of Jesus Christ not hatred, not fear, but deep pity? St. Matthew tells us that when he saw the multitude he was moved with compassion, because they were "distressed and scattered"; or, as it is rendered by

other scholars, because they were "harassed and neglected."

And that is more true to-day than it was then. The masses of the people even in London are harassed and neglected. They are harassed by the dogs of hell, who take advantage of their helplessness. Oh, the anguish of the starving poor! It seems to them as though every man's hand was against them. While they are worried, badgered, and harassed by those whom they too frequently meet, they are neglected by you—the wise and the good! Oh, how ignorant they are! how helpless! how miserable! and how often may they truly say in the bitterness of their hearts, "No man careth for our souls!" It is almost impossible for some of us, even by the most desperate effort of the imagination, to enter into the feelings of the sufferings of the starving poor. I shall never forget the revealing word which my friend, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, uttered to me two years ago. Looking at me, as I sat on the other side of his fireplace at Brixton, he said, "Why, you don't know what hunger is. You have never been hungry in your life." And, as I reflected, I felt it was true. I had been what we call hungry, but the hunger of the starving poor, who go for days without bread, I had never felt; and I should like to know how many persons there are in this hall to-day who have ever experienced the gnawings of an unendurable hunger. Alas! alas! that in this great London there should be so many thousands whose whole life is absorbed in a desperate attempt to keep their heads just above water. Oh, the sufferings of the respectable poor, of those of whom you never hear.

And what shall we say of these poor girls in London who are making a living—or, as Miss Rye rightly names it, "a starving"—by earning five shillings a week, and that at the cost of stitching for twelve or fourteen hours every day? I entirely agree with the opinion expressed by my friend, Mark Guy Pearse, when he said that if this was Christianity, the sooner we get rid of Christianity the better. We may attend prayer-meetings and sing psalms until we are black in the face, but if we do not deal with such social evils we are neglecting our duty. We have too long overlooked the misery of the suffering and starving poor.

And we may add that the man that professes to be a child of God, but who does not "care for all," is deceiving his own soul. He is not the brother of Jesus Christ, who

> ". . . into His heart with large embrace has taken
> The universal sorrow of mankind."

So much depends on occupying Christ's standpoint. If you are at the standpoint of some doctrinaire political economist, or of some thoughtless writer who has never known what hunger means, you may pour forth column after column of heartless folly. But if you know the suffering of the poor as Christ knows it, you will pity them. Have you ever thought of the tender and charitable meaning of that oft-quoted passage in the book of the prophet Isaiah, where God puts this confession into our lips: "All we like sheep have gone astray"? Like sheep, not like wolves. We are accused of ignorance, of stupidity, of heedlessness, rather than of *malice prepense* or of downright and deliberate wickedness. There is a great deal more of the sheep than of the wolf in sinners; especially in those who, humanly speaking, have never had a chance; who have been the victims, from the very first, of unfavourable circumstances; who, in the terrible language of Charles Kingsley, have been "damned from their birth." And, my dear friend, do not flatter yourself too much if you are better than they. You might not have been in their position. That

was a wise saying of John Newton's when he saw a handcuffed man walking along in charge of a constable: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Newton." If I had to watch my wife and children starving under my eyes, I do not know what I should say in Trafalgar square. Let us not take too much credit to ourselves for the position we occupy. We owe a great deal more to our circumstances, to our social privileges and safeguards, than we sometimes imagine. The teaching of this book commends itself to every good man's reason.

We—society at large—must take a big share of the blame for the sin and folly of those who break the law. There was a good old Saxon rule in this country many years ago: when anybody did something wrong in a parish, every parishioner was fined for it—a most excellent rule, founded upon profound reasons. I should like to have it reinforced. As Mark Guy Pearse said, How can you expect virtue and morality from people living in one room?

Not a few Christians think that if they attend prayer-meetings they are doing their duty. But let me remind you that you are partially responsible for every unsanitary dwelling in the place where you live. A part of true religion consists in securing laws which will absolutely prohibit such buildings and in electing to positions of authority men who will not permit them to remain a dead letter.

There are only two alternatives before us to-day—Christianity or revolution. What can we do? A thousand things. If you will come here on Sunday afternoons, I will tell you a few of these things in plain English. At any rate, let us do this one thing. *Let us place ourselves at the right point of view.* Let us look at the masses of the people through the compassionate eyes of Jesus Christ. I felt humiliated a few years ago when I read that it was the duty of every Buddhist priest in Asia to spend some time each day in contemplating the misery of mankind, in order that his sympathy might be aroused. It occurred to me that I should do well to imitate the Buddhist in that. Let us reserve some sacred moments every day to contemplate, through Christ's compassionate eyes, the sin and misery of mankind. When our hearts are moved with the compassion of Christ we shall soon discover some method, great or small, of relieving that misery and that sin. Then assuredly, as we were reminded by the lesson, an hour will come when the voice of Christ will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the homeless poor in Trafalgar square, or unto one of the downtrodden harlots in Piccadilly, ye did it unto Me."—*Social Christianity.*

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"What shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems of gold.

"Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

"Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all."

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love,
Thou givest unto Me."

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN RELIGION.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

THERE is probably nothing so ravelled and dishevelled as individual religion. It is usually a confused mass made up of bits of sermons, scraps from tracts, illustrations from things you have heard; and the sermon of to-day puts out that which you heard the Sunday before. So it is you never advance. There is not plan enough or method enough in your personal religion. Let me give you a recipe by which the great Christian graces can be got in the simplest possible way. Joy, love, peace, faith, are effects and not causes, that is to say, they are to be produced in us by fulfilling certain conditions; and if we fulfil the conditions we cannot help having the effects produced. Take joy —how is it to be got?

When I was a boy in the Sunday-school, I thought heaven was a place in which there was a big treasury of joy, in lumps contained in bags, big round lumps, and that God took out a lump and, in some way or other dropped it into the heart of the one praying for it. But joy is an effect which can only be produced by some cause. There is a cause for joy, just as there is a cause for sorrow. Instead of praying for your own joy, or reading books of Christian experience, or books for the anxious, read your Bibles, and you will find there the cause of it.

There is an exquisite parable in the 15th of John about the vine (a delicious symbol of all that is merry, jubilant, and effervescent in life), and Christ said His reason for telling the disciples this parable was that His joy might remain in them. "I tell you this that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Then Christ shows how joy may be got; and he that follows His word cannot help getting it. The secret of Christ's joy was His giving His life for others: to seek our own happiness is to be miserable. To be happy in the Christian life, we must fulfil the conditions of abiding in Christ.

Suppose you have a friend who has a great interest in temperance, spends six nights a week in temperance work; you must either separate from him or become infected by his zeal. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed; and a man cannot walk with Christ without sharing in His enthusiasm, without burning in his heart to do Christ's work. Therefore he gets his reward. No miserable man, let me tell you, will get happiness in this or in any other church you may go to afterwards, nor will you get it by praying for it; but the moment you do a good turn to somebody else, when you give the cup of cold water—it may be at your own fireside—when you abide in Him and catch His spirit, then His joy shall be yours.

Then think of rest. If anyone is restless, there is a cause for it; but rest is not to be got by prayer, any more than joy is. Fulfil the conditions on which it is given: "Learn of Me and ye shall find rest." We must learn Christ's secret, and take life as He took it, if we would live restfully. Take up His yoke, and your burden will become light. The great cause of our unrest is, I think, conceit, wounded pride, not getting the attention we think is our due. But Christ says, "Learn of Me: I am meek and lowly." And again, "The meek shall inherit the earth." They do not win it, they do not conquer it, but it comes to them. The miser does not possess his gold; his gold possesses him. Get Christ's attitude

towards money and everything else and you will come to His absolute tranquillity.

Before every great promise in the Bible there is always a condition. There is no use believing that everything we ask of God is to be answered straight away. What business have we to pray if we do not fulfil the conditions of prayer? Someone is perplexed about the next turning; he is at the parting of the ways, and a man comes to him and says, "Light shall arise in darkness." He could not do him a greater unkindness, for light will not arise in darkness, except to the upright in heart; and let him first say to him, "My brother, is your heart clean? Are you meaning to do God's will? Is your life straight?"

We, as a nation, will have to pay more attention to causes if we would bear the brand of Christ. We are going in for quantity, when God would infinitely prefer quality. It will be a great thing if one man here begins to follow Christ; but it will be greater still if ten others become more like Him. It is a better brand of Christians that is wanted; and the intelligence of the Church must be fixed less on effects than on causes. Turn up your Bible, it will tell you how to get them. Faith comes by the same method. What is the cause of faith? It does not come down in lumps any more than joy.

I remember Mr. Moody saying that if he had spent as much time in thinking about Christ as he had in praying for faith, he would have had a hundred times more knowledge of Him. Faith does not come by prayer. Faith in anybody comes by knowing them, not by begging them to help you to have faith in them. And faith in Christ comes just as faith in other people does; you trust Him, and find Him worthy of your trust. Then there is love; how does love come? Do we ever go to our friends and say, "I beg of you to help us to love you"? We cannot love to order, we fall in love, we cannot help it; and it is the same with our love to Christ. There is no magic about it.

Did you ever notice that beautiful reading, "We love because he first loved us"? It is not as the old version has it, "We love him, because he first loved us." That thing, love, wells up unconsciously; and even in this way we may come to love our enemies. Eternal life! This is no chance, no magic, it comes to us by the same law. Why do you want to live to-morrow? Because you want to be with those you love, to associate with them, to speak with them; and if any man knows Christ and loves Him he wants to live with Him. Why did that man die yesterday? Because he had no one to love him on the one side, and he had forfeited love on the other. Any child may understand this simple principle, that effects follow causes. Certain things happen, but never by chance; and I will dare to say that you cannot miss the effects if you first see that you have the causes. You will then be working according to the laws of nature, and according to the constitution of the universe.

A PRAYER.

GRANT me, dear Lord, for my life's term, I pray,
A threefold grace to sanctify each day—
Grace so to guide and to control my tongue
That none by it may be misled or stung;
Grace to detach my mind from worldly snares,
From trivial talk or narrowing Martha's cares;
Grace in adoring love to take my seat,
Like Mary, meek and silent, at Thy feet.

THE ELDER'S SIN.*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel, and whispers, "Forbear thy pen!
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent and pray!"—*Koran.*

The dislike between Carrick and Grahame was an inheritance from their fathers. When the first Carrick settled on his bare promontory, a Grahame was living in Port Braddon, who was a life-long thorn in his side. The antagonism—though now veiled in deference to the more tolerant spirit of modern times—had lost none of its old virulence. And as there had always been a religious foundation for the enmity, the Carricks had been able to justify their opposition to the Grahames on purely conscientious grounds.

Hitherto the unfriendly feeling had not become actively prominent in Andrew's case. Nothing, indeed, in their circumstances had conduced towards overt deeds of enmity. Grahame and Carrick lived apart, their business was entirely dissimilar, they had no mutual friends, and on Sabbath days Andrew did not permit himself to contemplate this Mordecai in the gate.

Unhappily, however, there is nothing like a religious dispute for developing latent hatreds, and Andrew's day of trial was to follow hard upon the time of his spiritual enthusiasm. A meeting was called in Port Braddon to discuss the Free Kirk controversy; and the farmers, fishers, and shepherd folk from all the adjacent hamlets were present.

Andrew Carrick had been asked to relate his experience in Edinburgh, and he was naturally proud and happy of such an opportunity. He had a grand and picturesque tale to tell; his heart burned within him, and he had every reason to expect that it would fire his tongue, and make him eloquent and impressive. He considered it important that he should be eloquent, for it was likely the success of the Free Kirk in Port Braddon depended very much on the impression his words produced.

He began well, for he was surrounded by ardent sympathizers; but before long Grahame entered, and Andrew found that his antagonism quickly damped and embarrassed him. He sat looking into Andrew's face with half-closed eyes, and such a scornful, disapproving smile on his tightly-shut lips, that Andrew's fiery words were chilled ere they reached their mark. In the long run, he did no more than put before them the question which every man there knew perfectly in all its bearings; and he felt that even if the Free Kirk was a success in Port Braddon, that Andrew Carrick personally had failed.

And afterward, when the subject came up for general discussion, nothing could warm or convince David Grahame. He possessed a rough kind of eloquence; and when he rose to speak, he turned Andrew's description of a "wronged Kirk" into the most scornful ridicule; and declared that for his part, "he thought the Kirk had lost her senses, and had been smitten with the rebellious spirit o' the ten tribes o' Israel; and in sic a case," he added with an emphatic blow upon the table, "I wad prefer to be wi' the minority."

Nothing could move Grahame from this position. He declared it to be his conscientious conviction; and his conscience was ably sup-

* A brief outline of this story was printed in this magazine several years ago. It will be given in future numbers in much fulness of detail.—Ed.

ported both by his inclinations and his interests. For in opposing the Free Kirk, he opposed the man whom he heartily disliked; and he was also likely to save money by this pleasant indulgence of his ill-will—for if he was against the building of a Free Kirk he could not reasonably be asked to assist in building it.

Indeed, he said plainly, and with much unnecessary strength of language, that he "did not want a new kirk, and that those who did want one be to pay for the building of it." Consequently Andrew Carrick felt obliged to give much more money to the enterprise than he had calculated to be his lawful share. For Grahame's example was not without its influence; there being many besides himself who were glad to find some respectable principle to excuse the shutting of their purses against this new claim.

This dispute, occurring within the bounds of the kirk, was carried on with decency and respect, and outwardly did not appear to be a very bitter one. But it was like the letting out of water. The breach seemed to grow by the mere fact of its existence; for these were not times when any strong feeling could be kept in abeyance, opportunities for their translation into action being too positive and plentiful. And very soon an occasion arose for Grahame and Carrick to give forcible and active expression to their ill-feeling toward each other. It happened in this manner:

There was a man living in Port Braddon who desired greatly to help in the building of the new Free Kirk; but though he was enthusiastic in spirit he was very poor in cash. However, he owned a tract of land directly to the north of Andrew's land; and he resolved to sell it, and to give the price of it, much or little, toward the enterprise. He first offered it to Andrew, and Andrew was exceedingly glad of the offer. For if there was one piece of land in Galloway he wished for above all others, it was this identical few acres of pasturage.

He was so pleased at the circumstance that he could not refrain from telling Ann as soon as he reached his home. "I hae long wanted thae few acres," he said with an air of satisfaction. "They will gie me the extra pasture I need for the cattle; and the land lies sib to my land, and is a vera pairt o' it. I hae often won'ered what for the first Andrew Carrick didna buy it in the beginning."

"Have you bargained and bought already, father?" asked Ann curiously: for she knew her father's slow and cautious ways in all business matters.

"I havena a'thegither bought it, Ann. I told Thomas Largs I wad tak' a night to think o' it; but I let him see that the bargain was as gude as made."

"Is the price to your liking, father?"

"In ordinar times I wouldna think o' gieing the siller asked, but I'll no think o' bargaining wi' the Lord. The land is His now, and I'll pay the sum asked, were it twice beyond this warld's value. I'm not saying the price is beyond value. One way or another, the price is a fair price."

"Then why did you not buy it at the offer? If the land is in the market you might lose it between to-night and to-morrow."

"It isna my way, nor is it the way o' any douce, wise-like body, to close a bargain wi' a snap. I aye tak' a night to think o'er any 'maybe'. And as for the land being sold other ways, it isna at all likely. Land isna that easily passed frae hand to hand. Sae taking a night's thought is but decency and dignity. I might tak' a month to think o' it, and have nane to bid against me."

Generally speaking, Andrew's conjectures in this respect would have

been within reason and likelihood. But that night Grahame heard of the proposed transaction, and immediately bid ten pounds over the first price. Thomas Largs indeed insisted that Andrew had the first refusal of the land; but as the money was for the kirk, he thought all parties would consider it fair and just to take the highest offer that could be got. Consequently, for nine days Grahame and Carrick bid against each other for the strip of pasturage, and at last—Grahame bought it.

It was a very great mortification to Andrew, though he consoled himself with the thought that he had madeGrahame pay more than double the value of the land. And when people said "there was nae doubt but that the 'bidding' had been a clever arrangement between Thomas Largs and Andrew Carrick to mak' David Grahame do his duty by the new kirk," Andrew was grimly pleased to let the idea furnish talk and laughter for the little town. For he knew well that Grahame would fume and bluster at the "trick," and in his passions be sure to put himself in the wrong.

Still, these were very hard weeks inside the Lone House for himself and his daughters. Andrew was, as Ann Carrick said, "gey ill to live with," both during the negotiation and for some time after it. For he was sorely disappointed in missing the land, and he felt it hard that Grahame had not been prevented from interfering with a purchase so manifestly just and proper for himself.

"It was even-down malice and ill-will in David Grahame bidding the land aboon my price, and I won'er what for a just God let him do it." He made this reflection constantly; and it poisoned his food, and his sleep, and even his prayers. For he put down Grahame's perverseness as a kind of persecution of him for his advocacy of Free Kirk principles; and he read against him, morning and night, the bitterest Psalms he could find.

And all through the day as he nursed his lap-stone, he nursed his wrong; finding what consolation he could in telling himself and others that the Grahames had aye and ever been persecutors o' the freedom o' the Word and o' the rights o' conscience;" and then by way of commentary and proof, recalling every atrocity against the old Covenanters which could be associated with the unpopular name and family.

Grahame also felt very bitter towards Andrew. He readily believed the general impression that Largs and Carrick had colleagued together to egg him on to pay more than one hundred pounds beyond what the land was really worth; and this belief took from him the sense of gratified hatred which was the only interest or pleasure he looked for in the spending of so much money. He felt that he had been tricked both out of his money and his revenge, and that Andrew was quietly laughing at him for falling so easily in the net laid for him. And it was not only Andrew; he was sure, also, that every Free Kirker in Port Braddon was laughing at him.

For one day at his own door-stone, he was delayed by Watty Lowe, an old half-witted town pensioner, who said to him with a knowing smile:

"It's a big sum o' money you hae gi'en to the great wark, Maister Grahame. Folk ne'er thought you were sae likely to do the leeberal thing! But He tak'eth the wise in their ain craftiness—I wasna meaning to say that, Maister Grahame. I was just thinking o' it, and the words cam' oot as it were unawares."

And as Watty Lowe was a privileged character, whose freedom of speech it would be ridiculous to resent, Grahame had to take the

remarks as well as he could. But he told himself with a passionate bitterness, that Watty Lowe had only given a frank utterance to the popular opinion concerning his unintentional liberality to "the great work."

Under ordinary circumstances an ill-feeling even as pronounced as that now existing between David Grahame and Andrew Carrick might have "simmered" in both hearts, and never found an occasion for a more active exhibition. But the circumstances were not only unusual; they were also highly conducive to exciting and developing dormant anger. For the new kirk was now being built, and Andrew Carrick was the chairman of the Building Committee.

In this capacity he was as scrupulous as he was about the stitches and leather of his own trade. He conceived it to be his duty to examine every stone and beam of the new edifice, and he got no little annoyance from the various workmen whom he thought it proper to watch and interrogate.

"Do you think, Andrew Carrick, that no one can do a fair day's wark but yoursel'?" or—"Are you the only honest man in Galloway, Andrew Carrick?" or—"Come mix the mortar wi' your ain hands, if you think there is too much sand i' the lime, Andrew Carrick:" such was the usual tenor of the remarks made by the builders, whom he felt bound to overlook, and frequently to check and advise.

But Andrew was not deterred by opposition: he felt that he was only zealous and jealous for the God of the Free Kirk, and he left his own affairs without complaint to watch over those whom he believed to be less conscientious than himself. But if he had only searched his own motives as rigorously as he searched the labour of others he would have found at the very bottom of them a positive pleasure to himself in these frequent visits to Port Braddon, for he knew that he very seldom went there without being seen by David Grahame.

Now the very sight of Andrew Carrick's stern, dark face was more than Grahame could endure. When Carrick rode past his door on his Galloway pony, so proud and masterful-looking, Grahame could hardly keep his hands off him. He could not keep his tongue; nor did he try. As soon as Andrew came in sight, he went and stood at his open door, and from that point of advantage assailed him with questions as to the reason for his frequent visits—questions whose very suggestions were intolerable offences to a man of Carrick's spotless morality.

Andrew never opened his lips in reply. However insulting the supposition, it gave him a positive pleasure to be grimly silent. But if the old Covenanters looked at their persecutors as Carrick looked at Grahame, their intolerant hatred and revenge may be easily understood. The pitying scorn in Andrew's glowing eyes, and proud, stern face was bad enough; but there was added to it that complacent spiritual satisfaction which made the Pharisees so detested, and which doubtless accompanied all their allusions to "publicans and sinners." Then, with his upright carriage, his slow gait, and his disdainful air generally, something of Carrick's power to exasperate may be conceived.

And of course this public hatred did not lack its domestic expression. In his family Grahame made Carrick the text for all his mockery, and the occasion of all his bad temper. He "dared" his son to ever look the road the Carrick girls walked again, and he vowed to turn him out of house and kenning if he ever opened his lips to either of them.

Carrick was just as bitter and still more particular in his charges. And he spoke so much of the "evil

Grahames" and of the special wrongs and insults he had to suffer from them, that it hardly seemed possible any daughter could feel kindly to the son of a man who daily insinuated against her father the very sins which were most offensive to his nature and his principles.

For Ann Carrick her father's feelings were sufficient, and would have been, even without his express commands; but Jeannie ventured to say one night to her sister:

"Nannie, don't you think it is gey hard for poor Walter Grahame to have to suffer for his father's ill tongue?"

"No; for I make no doubts that Walter is of his father's way o' thinking. He couldna bide in the same house wi' Grahame, and not be."

"I don't believe he is, Nannie. You used to like Walter; you did that, Nannie; and I'm sure he said 'you were a beauty.' I wonder at you! If any lad liked me that well, I would stand up for him! yes, I would—father or no father."

"Then you would be a wicked daughter, Jeannie; and your love would have no blessing on it. Who ever kent of any good coming to an unblessed love?"

"But, Nannie, marriages are ordered for us—at least, folk say that. Now, what would you do if you were mated wi' Walter Grahame?"

"If God orders marriages, Jeannie, you may be sure he willna order any that will make hate and anger and evil speaking, and worse doing. God would never do that."

"Weel, weel! but the books a' say that the course o' true love ne'er runs smooth."

"That may be so; for true love is like enough to meet with parting, and sorrow, and poverty, and death itsel'. But if it be true love, it will win its way through every trouble, and grow so strong that it willna fear death. And all this may be in a love of God's willing and father's blessing. But you, nor any other, can make me believe that a love that breeds thoughts o' murder is of God's ordering; and you ken what father said anent a marriage between Walter Grahame and either o' us twa?"

"Ay; he said he would hinder it—if he could."

"He said he would hinder it, though he called Death in to break the bands o' it. I sall never speak to Walter again. I sall never see Walter again. And I counsel you, Jeannie Carrick, ne'er to heed him either. He isna to come into our lives; and if we will have him in, we sall get sorrow enough with him."

"You are aye fore-speaking ill, Ann. But there are bonnier lads in Scotland than Walter Grahame," said Jeannie, and she began to turn her wheel with an air of total indifference to the subject.

So the winter and summer months passed, and in the Lone House there appeared to be no great changes. During them, Andrew was in constant communication with his cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick; and this correspondence brightened very materially the long days. For Cosmo Carrick stood in the very thick of the fight, and he kept Andrew well posted on the workings of this grand crusade. There were wonderful things to tell, and Cosmo told them with a heart on fire; and then Andrew had the pleasure of reading these letters at the prayer-meetings and kirk meetings, and of tasting the joy of being a dispenser of glad-tidings.

It was always a happy day that brought a letter from Cosmo Carrick, and it was generally a happy evening; for word was sent down to the cottages, and there was sure to be a gathering after the day's work was done at the lone house, to listen to the latest Kirk news, and to discuss whatever was new in the movement.

For some weeks after the open rupture with Grahame, Andrew had been silent and gloomy; but these letters had a vivifying influence. And the daily routine of the house was so even and cheery that he lost all fear of change. Ann went in and out, alert and cheerful, and quite happy amid her daily duties. And Jeannie sat in the house-place beside her father, spinning fine wool or flax, or sewing, or knitting; and as April's sun and showers brightened the earth, Ann often heard Jeannie and her father singing together some old Covenanting Psalm or battle hymn.

How could she dream that during all these months that Jeannie had been seeing her lover clandestinely? How could she suspect that the merry girl singing and sewing and sleeping by her side had already persuaded herself that her "ain way" was the only way in which she could possibly be happy; and that her ain way was the road which Walter Grahame would point out to her.

As for Carrick, Jeannie was the very last human creature he feared. She sat on her creepie beside him at nights; and the hand which was to smite him lay lovingly across his knee, or was clasped in his hand as they knelt together by the small round table which was the family altar. Oh, how could he doubt Jeannie?

CHAPTER IV.

The ills we see,
The mysteries of sorrow dark and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,
Have all one key:
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,
And every change His love shall overrule.

So the long winter went, and the spring came again. The sweet April days full of moisture and sunshine, and tender blues and greens, made even this corner of Galloway beautiful. White sails of the fishermen's boats specked the ocean; the sheep and lambs were nibbling the tender grass on the hillsides; and Ann Carrick was beginning to talk once more of the spring cleaning and bleaching.

For it was not unlikely that Andrew would again have to visit Edinburgh. The new kirk was approaching completion, and its members were quietly discussing the particular great preacher who should be asked to officiate at the opening services. The prevailing sentiment was in favour of the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, whose letters during the winter had been a source of delight and instruction to them. And Andrew was much exercised about this invitation, and most anxious to secure it for his cousin.

If it was decided in favour of Cosmo Carrick, Andrew had offered to go to Edinburgh at his own expense with the invitation from the kirk. He had also said something about looking out for a suitable communion service while he was there; and a general impression existed, that under favourable circumstances, Andrew might make the kirk a gift of this service.

Indeed, though no actual promise had been made the kirk regarding this service, Andrew had really promised himself to give it from his own means, "if the Lord were sae gracious as to honour the name o' Carrick in the vera sight o' them that thought little o' it"—that is, if his cousin Cosmo was chosen to open the doors of the new Free Kirk for divine worship.

This was a matter upon which from the first breath of it Andrew had set his whole heart. He had educated Cosmo for the ministry, and he liked the young man—who had been exceedingly grateful and respectful; and to have him—now a placed minister—stay in his house, and go from his hearth into the new pulpit, would be possibly the very greatest pleasure of its kind that earth could give him.

He knew also that David Grahame was using all his influence to prevent the invitation; yes, he was even spending money to do so. Therefore to have Grahame fail in his malicious efforts would be a very delightful triumph, and the sweetest morsel of revenge that could be vouchsafed him. He did not call it revenge; he did not dare to make inquiry of his heart concerning the feelings he nursed there; but he looked forward to the decision of the question with an anxiety that kept his very breathing in a state of tension. And though he did not exactly pray about the decision and Grahame's interference with it, he did remember continually David's chosen evidence of God's favour—"that his enemies should not triumph over him."

At length the important day arrived. It was a very day of beauty; a day full of the airs and sunshine of Paradise, and Andrew went to Port Braddon with a sense of quiet and confidence in his heart. Without words he had been passionately demanding success in this matter, and at the last hour an assurance of it had come to him. He walked into the kirk session with that feeling, and he saw its confirmation on every face, and felt it in every voice. He knew they intended him a kindness, for they all spoke kindly.

And when the vote was taken, a great triumph awaited him. It was a unanimous vote in favour of the Rev. Cosmo Carrick. As to the communion service, it was left entirely in Andrew's discretion. He was very happy, though he said only a few words in reply—"Ye ken, men and brethren, I sall do the best and the utmost in me for this honour and favour." And his face was solemn and impassive, but oh, how lifted up he was!

Full of this spiritual triumph, he was riding down the main street of Port Braddon, and his soul was so exalted and excited that he did not feel the saddle, nor consciously guide the reins of his pony. David on the throne of the Twelve Tribes could not have been more satisfied with himself as a chosen vessel of God's favour. He was feeling Grahame to be literally beneath his notice, and beneath his feet, when he met him face to face.

Carrick did not even look at his enemy; but his whole attitude and expression were so intolerably exasperating to Grahame, that the man was dumb with passion, and could not utter his usual scornful and immodest gibes.

And Andrew took this silence to be another evidence of heavenly favour towards him. "The Lord hath shut the mouth o' mine enemy for me," he said proudly. "It is a good thing to keep silence, and let him speak that kens sae weel how." All the way back to his home such thoughts kept him delightsome company. They blended themselves with the caller air from the sea and the mountains, with the linnets singing in the whin bushes, with the lambs bleating on the hills, and the cattle lowing for the milking. Perhaps in all his life Andrew Carrick had never known an hour more full to him of the sweetness of earth and the very presence of God.

Ann had been very anxious for his success, so anxious that she could not feel any interest in her household work. She had been standing at the door watching for an hour before she saw him coming. But her first glance was assuring, and she could divine by his very carriage that "a' things had gone right"; that is, they had gone as her father desired them to go.

Andrew, however, would not speak with undue haste of his triumph—especially to his women-folk. He gave his pony its supper, and walked through the byre, and went into the garden to see if Ann had sown the lettuce seed. But Ann was happy. She needed no words

to explain to her the brightness of her father's dark face and the proud confidence of his walk. And when she came into his presence, he looked at her with a pleasant importance, and said,—

"Ann, I'm awa' to Edinbro' on Monday morn. I'm going on business for the Kirk; very important business. See to it, then, that my suit o' black braidcloth is put up wi' a' the ither things proper and conformable."

"I am glad, father! I am glad with a' my heart, father!"

"God has gi'en me the desire o' my heart, Ann; and I am doobtless set up a bit wi' his favour. That is the main thing, Ann. Your cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick, will be vera likely to come back wi' me. It is to be a time o' great spiritual joy, my bairn, and you will see to it that nothing suitable be lacking in the way o' creature comforts and conveniences. If you are needing siller for aught, you can ask me for it."

Then he looked around the empty room so quiet and asked testily, "Whar is your sister Jeannie? I thought she wad surely be watching and waiting for the good news."

"Jeannie isna home yet. She went away long ere the noon-hour. She went down to Lucky Boyd's for some fine flax. She said she wouldna be very long; but I havena seen her since. I'm a bit worried about her. I wish she would come home. I am aye kind of anxious when it gets to sundown if Jeannie is out o' my sight."

"Tut, tut! Jeannie kens weel how to tak' care o' hersel'; why not?"

He took his pipe and sat down on the hearth. Jeannie's stool was in the corner, and he let his eyes fall upon it with a sense of disappointment. He wanted Jeannie there to talk to him. He wanted to tell her about his trip to Edinburgh and the contemplated visit of her cousin Cosmo. He felt her absence to be the first shadow on his afternoon's glory.

Indeed, Andrew was already planning in his heart a marriage between Jeannie and the admirable young minister, Cosmo Carrick. In the way of marriages he could think of none that could give him so much satisfaction. He had resolved that very night to tell Jeannie how handsome and "minister-like" her cousin was; and to drop her a hint, that for all the young man's gifts and graces, he would hardly be blind and deaf to her beauty and winning ways.

And this night, of all nights, she was absent from his side. He was disappointed. The twilight was creeping o'er land and sea. The dew was falling. There was a sense of loneliness outside, and he turned into the house again. Jeannie's empty stool was the first thing his eyes fell on. In the deepening gloom it looked almost tragical. He grew very restless. He kept saying, "I wonder whar she is at all; I wonder whar she is?" And every time he said the words, he said them with increasing fear and restlessness.

He was glad to hear Ann coming in from the byre. But the girl's face terrified him. She set down her milk-pails and burst into tears.

"Father, father!" she cried. "There is something no right. I canna bear it longer. I'm awa' down to the cottages to speir after Jeannie."

"Stop here. I'll go mysel'."

So Ann lifted her milk and went into the dairy, and Andrew, with long, rapid strides, went down to the shingle.

It was quite dark when he returned. Ann was standing trembling at the open door when she heard his footsteps. There was no lighter step with him. Then he had not found Jeannie. Her heart stood still with terror. She went into the house as her father approached and lit a candle. When

she turned with it in her hand, her father was present. His face was white and angry. He seemed almost incapable of speech.

"Have you seen Jeannie, father?"

"No."

"Had she been at Lucky Boyd's?"

"No. She told you a lie. She has not been at any of the cottages to-day, but I hae found out that she hae been there far too often other days. What for didna you tell me that she was meeting Walter Grahame at Peter Lochrigg's?" he asked passionately. "I'll ne'er forgive Peter. No, I'll ne'er forgive him in this world, and I hae told him sae. We hae had words, Ann, and he willna lightly forget them. Oh, lassie, lassie! Why didna you tell me?"

"I never knew aught of it. Before God I never knew it!"

Ann was afraid to say more. She had never seen such anger as blackened her father's face. He pushed Jeannie's stool out of his sight with words she thought Andrew Carrick would be feared and shamed to use. He tried to sit still, but he could not. The very presence of Ann appeared to annoy and irritate him. He would not speak to her. He would not look at her; and shivering with cold and sick with anxiety, she went into the dairy, and sat down there until he called her.

"It is bedtime," he said. "Lock the door." She did so, and then laid the Bible upon the table. He turned away from the Book, and said almost angrily,—

"If you can pray go and pray by yoursel'. God will hae to speak a word to me before I can speak to Him. Ann Carrick, whar is your sister?"

"I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

"Think. Did she not say one word that was mair than ordinary to you?"

"Not a word, father. Not one."

"Whar were you when she left the house?"

"I was in the dairy skimming the milk. She came to my side and said—just as she always spoke—'Nannie, I'm awa' down to the seashore.'"

"What said you?"

"I said, 'Not you; you lazy lassie! Go to your seam.' And she said, 'Nannie, I canna sew to-day. I keep thinking o' the White Caves, and the green waves tumbling through them, and I'm going there a wee.'"

"Weel?"

"I said, 'Dinna go there for my sake! Go to Lucky Boyd's and get some mair fine flax, and see that you are hame at noon-hour.'"

"Weel?"

"She answered me with a laugh; and when I urged her she said, 'I'll have a herring and a cup of tea with Lucky, and she will read me the queer dream I had last night.'"

"And then?"

"She pinched my arm; and when I turned quick-like, she said, 'There's a kiss to pay for the pinch, Nannie.' A minute after, I turned round with the cream in my hand, and she was standing at the door of the dairy looking at me. I said, 'Weel, Jeannie, what is it?' and she answered, 'Naething, Nannie. Naething, Nannie,' and so she went awa'. Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie! I'm feared, father, for the White Cave, and her wee feet upon the slippery stones."

As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Who has not heard knocks that seemed instinct with evil fate? This one smote on both hearts. They looked at each other with fear and trembling, and Ann fell into the nearest seat and began to sob and moan with apprehension.

Andrew went to the door. A man on horseback stood there. "Who are you?" asked Andrew in a stern voice.

"I am Jock Simpson, frae Wigton, and I hae a letter for you, Maister Carrick."

Andrew stepped to the side of the rider and took the letter; but ere he looked at it said, "Take this shilling and go down to Lucky Boyd's. She will gie you and your beastie a bite, and a drink, and a night's lodging. This house is fu' o' sorrow, and there is nae room for stranger-folk."

The man took the money and without another word rode away. Andrew watched him until he had passed the gate; then he re-locked the door, and sitting down by the table, he laid the letter upon it.

Before Jeannie's fate was known, he had evinced the greatest anxiety and emotion. After reading the letter which explained her absence, he rose with a forced calmness and left it upon the table. Ann had not dared to move, still less to question him; but as he passed through the house-place he stopped before her, and said,—

"You can read yonder bit o' shamefu' paper. When you have done sae, put it into the fire. And dinna you daur to name the subject o' it to me again!—Never!"

Then he went to his own room, and angrily drew the bolt across the door.

Ann lifted Jeannie's letter and read it. She did not wonder at her father's anger. It was the letter of a half-educated and over-disciplined child. Jeannie said she had married Walter Grahame because she loved him better than all the world beside, and that she was going with Walter to Australia "so as not to anger folks." Then she asked her father and sister to forgive her, and to "try and think a bit kindly of her." The very simplicity of the letter, and its child-like want of guile, went straight to Ann's heart. She felt that she must see Jock Simpson, and hear the news of her little sister.

At the first streak of dawn she was running swiftly down to Lucky Boyd's, and she found Jock saddling his horse and ready to leave.

"I was up early, Ann Carrick," he said kindly; "for I thought I could maybe win a sight o' you this morn before Maister Carrick was round. I promised your bonnie sister to gie you this"—and he took a bit of paper from his pocket—"only Maister Carrick wasna to be spoken to yestreen."

Ann took the little packet gratefully. It contained nothing but a long, shining tress of Jeannie's hair, and a little card on which the runaway had written in her large, childish handwriting:

"Nannie! Nannie! Dinna forget Jeannie!"

"I'll ne'er do that! I'll ne'er do that!" Ann sobbed. "My dear little Jeannie! My dear little Jeannie"; and she went crying up the hill, kissing this last token of her sister's love, and wetting it through with her tears.

It is a great blessing in hard sorrow to have compelling duties to attend to. The cows were lowing to be milked when Ann reached her home, and the breakfast had to be prepared, and the other household duties to attend to. Ann neglected none of them, though she went about her work with a heavy heart. For the loss of her sister was not the whole of her sorrow. She could not help feeling keenly the blasting disappointment of all her father's anticipations. The glory had been taken from him. The harvest of years, now ready for his hand, had been blighted by Jeannie in a single day, just for her own selfish gratification.

The joy of her cousin Cosmo's visit, the joy of the new kirk, the triumph of the principles so dear to Andrew, the innocent, holy pride he felt in seeing his kinsman in the pulpit—all these cups of gladness had been turned into bitterness by Jeannie's selfishness. Such thoughts would not be put away; and with all her love for her sister, Ann could not avoid the conclusion that Jean-

nie had dealt her father a cruel blow, made doubly cruel by the time and circumstances of its giving.

All that day Andrew Carrick remained in his room. He neither ate nor drank. He answered none of Ann's timid inquiries regarding his health or his wishes. She heard him hour after hour pacing the floor, and talking either to himself or to his Maker. For like the man of Uz, Andrew Carrick was ever ready to enter into a controversy with Him. It was far more in accord with his nature to argue the "wherefore" of an affliction, than it was to "hold his peace because the Lord did it."

He had followed the same course when his wife was suddenly taken from him, and he had justified it to his daughters. "I am no bairn," he said, "to take my punishment and ask no questions. I am a son wha has come of age, and I hae the right to ask my Father, 'Why hast thou entered into judgment with me?'" And in this sorrow the inquiry appeared to Andrew still more necessary.

For he could not help telling himself that the dispensation was eminently cruel. He had been led to think that his was the triumph and the victory; and after all, a Grahame had been permitted to steal away the sweetness, and leave him the husks only. With this trouble on his hearthstone, how could he go up to the sanctuary with songs and thanksgiving? He had thought to bring his cousin to his home with fatherly pride, and he was humbled even in his children. Deep down in his heart there was that feeling of resentment which has its bitterness in the sense of being deceived. Not even to himself did Andrew like to say that "God had dealt treacherously with him," but he felt that God had permitted his triumph to be made heartache and humiliation to him.

On the second morning, however, he appeared at the breakfast table. He was gray and haggard, and had aged ten years in the preceding thirty-six hours. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of his porridge, and then rose and went to the open door, and stood there facing the sea, which was this morning blue and smiling, and dimpling with incalculable laughter in the sunshine. The wind blew his long, black hair from his face, and the keen salt air appeared to revive him, for he said in a voice of mournful determination:

"Ann, I sall go to Port Braddon this morning. No one sall say I was feared or shamed to face my sorrow. And maybe I may get a word o' comfort from somewhere; for there is naething but darkness and silence in my ain room."

"If you call, He will answer, father. His Word for that."

"He has not answered yet."

"If you could eat some breakfast before you went, father. It is a long ride to Port Braddon on an empty stomach."

"I canna swallow my food—or else it is my thoughts that choke me. Bread and meat doesna help in siccan straits as Andrew Carrick is in the now."

"Father—you might meet David Grahame."

"Ay, I might. It is a vera likely thing."

"O father, forgive me! but I'm feared, father, I'm sair feared—if you should lose control o' yoursel' —you hae good cause—it is a sair temptation."

"There's naething to fear you, Ann Carrick. I sall not sin to please David Grahame. I trust He will at any rate, have His hand that far about me."

He really expected to see David Grahame. He thought he was sure to be lying in wait to catch him. And if so, he anticipated the storm of abuse—"hail-stones and coals of fire," he called it—that would be

poured upon his head. But he rode straight through the little town twice over, and he never saw Grahame at all.

With even more than his usual deliberation he sauntered through the various streets and places of call. The answer he had resolved to make was ready on his tongue; but no one said a word to him except it might be, perhaps, "A good day to you, Carrick." He was thankful for the reprieve, and returned home stronger for it. Grahame could not now say that "Carrick had avoided him" and he might take a few days to rest, and recover his mental strength.

He had intended going to Edinburgh on the following Monday, but he now determined to go at once. He would be in a wilderness, as it were, there; but near his own home every personality questioned and wounded him. Ann was glad of this decision. She hoped he would open his heart to his cousin, and that Cosmo Carrick would be able to give him the counsel and sympathy she was afraid to offer.

For in some way Ann felt that her father did not hold her guiltless. He thought she ought to have watched Jeannie better, and that her sex and sisterhood made her more responsible than ever he could be. Indeed, he found it hard to believe that one sister had kept from another a love affair going on for nearly a year, some letter or token, some slip of the tongue, some broken or kept tryst, might, he felt certain, have made a woman suspicious, where a father could not be expected to doubt.

Ann was quite conscious that such opinions influenced her father, and often made him unjustly cross and silent with her. She had nothing to offer against them but her simple asseveration. In the main, Andrew believed her to be innocent of all conniving with Jeannie; but he had also dark hours when he believed differently, and he made these hours very dark indeed to his eldest daughter.

But even when he was most unjust, she pitied him greatly. For she knew that he was learning, during them, a fact she herself had long known — that his daughter Jeannie was the apple of his heart, the dearest thing on earth to him.

TRYSTE NOEL.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

"The Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O, the place co'd I but finde!

"The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travèl!

"The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal!
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!"

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

TWENTY years and more of effort have made a different name for one of the most infamous regions of New York. Corlear's Hook, once unknown ground to all save the police, is still one of the most lawless regions in the city, and the headquarters for the most daring of the river-thieves.

The Hook proper is at the bend of the East River. The great machine-shops and storage-warehouses that lie along its front are hives of industry by day, but when night comes and workmen and clerks have departed it is a deserted region. Back of these shops and warehouses lies a network of narrow streets and lanes, in the squalid rookeries of which the thieves often conceal the plunder obtained in their nightly raids on the river.

More than twenty years ago the founder of the Children's Aid Society, while wandering among the wretched dwellings and pondering as to the fate of these waifs, came upon an old shell of a public-school building, with the unusual advantage of being open to air and sun on four sides. This was at once rented and was afterwards transformed into one of the most novel and attractive agencies for good that can be found in the city. The man chosen for its superintendent had not only love for his work but a keen artistic sense. Any room in his hands, by means of plants, flowers, leaves, or even old prints and engravings, took on a pleasant aspect; and he brought all his gifts to bear upon this forsaken spot, with its surroundings of old rookeries and broken-down tenements.

Soon a novel reward was suggested to the young vagabonds of Rivington Street,—and indeed of the whole region,—who flocked in, full of delight over the growing things. The best children in the school were allowed to take a plant home with them; and if they brought it back in a few months, improved and well cared for, they received others as a premium. Soon in the windows of the poorest, most tumble-down houses and tenement rookeries one saw flowers growing, or met the little savages of the district carrying a plant more carefully than they did the baby entrusted to their care. A little aquarium in the school-room, with its aquatic plants, was no less a dear delight, and children came from miles away, attracted by the fame the flowers and plants had given to the mission.

The supply of flowers proved utterly inadequate to the demand. Sick children in the ward begged for them, and a few wealthy persons who knew of the work that was being carried on sent occasional supplies from their greenhouses; but even this was not enough, and formal appeal was made to the public for flowers for the poor, and especially for the Sick Children's Mission and the hospital.

It was thus that the first Flower Mission of New York began its work. The appeal was generously answered from all sides. Sunday-school children especially were interested in hearing of the sick children who perhaps had never seen a flower, and they gathered wild ones or began little gardens on their own account. A receiving-room was soon a necessity, where all flowers were sent. A large table long enough and broad enough to hold the loose flowers and allow of sort-

ing them, shallow troughs for receiving the bouquets, plenty of string, and scissors, and a few chairs completed the furniture of the room.

The great difficulty comes with the winter months, when distributing work among the tenements ceases, and the young potted stock must be cared for. Most of the young plants are given as prizes to the children of the many Industrial Schools connected with the society, and a floral festival once a year brings them back again as evidence of the care bestowed. On that day the mothers come with the children, and the spacious audience-room is filled with a mass of green. The girls succeed best, and show their specimens with pride. Often a severe winter kills their pets, but this is much less common since the use of self-feeding stoves began, which even in the coldest nights keep the temperature above freezing-point.

Thousands of poor families now have their windows filled with beautiful plants. They have learned the art of propagating the hardiest kinds, and ivies, fuchsias, and geraniums flourish under their care. But there is always a lack of pots. Old tin cans with flaming labels, or small wooden boxes, take their place, but the plants can never thrive so well as in pots with proper drainage.

There are floral committees in many of the surrounding country towns, and there is growing interest in the work of flower missions. The season opens about the first of May with bouquets of wild flowers, and closes in November with gorgeous chrysanthemums.

Flowers come in all sorts of ways. Those who understand the work either make them in small bouquets or separate the varieties, laying them in flat baskets with layers of wet cotton batting between. Often they come in great bunches and must be sorted and made over. Railroads and express companies deliver them free, and each year the interest increases.

Distribution is the heaviest task. City missionaries, Bible readers, nurses, and druggists throughout the poor districts, all co-operate in the work, and last year saw the distribution of over a hundred thousand bouquets and bunches of flowers among the sick and the poor. Four hundred towns in the vicinity of the city are contributors, and Smith, Amherst, and Vassar Colleges also send flowers. Not only hospitals of all sorts, but the homes for the aged and infirm are now included in the work of distribution.

Some donors make a specialty of one flower. Pinks come in profusion from one well-known name; and an unknown contributor, registered as the "pansy-man," sends in thousands of his favourite flower; while from another source, in one year, came eighteen hundred pond-lilies. Fruit is distributed to some extent, but flowers seem most desired. Men in hospitals beg for pinks and look after the distributors with hungry eyes. Women prefer roses, and the children clutch at anything with colour and sweetness.

There are as many stories as flowers in this work. In one window of a rear tenement three geraniums bloom and show thrifty growth, which owe their life to the care of the three tots who daily take them to walk with a devotion which even the street Arabs respect. They march with them to Tompkins Square and sit in the sun till the pots are supposed to be charged with it. That they are giving themselves also a bath of healing and health does not suggest itself directly, but indirectly many a mother has learned that, if plants would thrive, sun and air and water must be had, and has in degree at least applied the lesson to the little human plants in her keeping.

In the general distribution all

classes are cared for. From the sick child in hospital ward or stifling tenement-house, to the sewing-girl working through the long summer days on the heavy woollen garments that must be ready for the fall and winter trade, there is always the sorrow of the poor and the bitter want that is so often part of the tragedy. Not till one has seen how pale faces light, and thin hands stretch eagerly for this bit of brightness and comfort, can there be much realizatian of what the Flower Mission really does and what it means to its thousands of beneficiaries.

The poorest know it best. There is a grim tenement-house on Roosevelt Street where a pretty child, with drunken father and hard-working, patient mother, lay day after day in the exhaustion of fever. Nothing could rouse him, and the mother said sorrowfully, "He'll go the way of all the rest, an' I'm not knowin' but he'll be better off."

A city missionary, bearing her load of bloom from country fields and meadows, brought in a bunch of buttercups and laid them in the wasted little hand, which closed upon them with sudden energy. The dim eyes opened wide, and the dry little lips smiled faintly as the child looked at the pretty yellow flowers. All that Monday he held them tight, clasping them closer, and his mother tried to take them and put them in water. When he fell asleep she set them in a broken cup close to him, and he reached for them as soon as he awoke. On Thursday the missionary, who came with fresh ones, found the withered stems still in the little hand.

"Sure I've done the best I could," said the mother, "an' kep' them in water whenever he'd give me the chance, but he won't hear to their bein' anywhere but just in his hand. They'll be the makin' of him, an' now he's willin' to eat, an' I'm thinkin', please God, he'll live after all."

The crippled children show the same delight, carrying the flowers to bed with them, and watching the distributors with eager eyes. Prisoners in gaol, men and women alike, stretch their hands through the bars for them, and there are women whose life has altered utterly under their influence.

One is "Long Sal," well known as thief, drunkard, fighter, and general disturber of the peace; a powerful creature nearly six feet tall and with muscles of a man, who fought and bit when arrested, and had left her mark on many a policeman. Over and over again she had been sent to the Island, emerging sometimes to a period of hard work which she knew well how to do, and then relapsing into old ways.

Into the Tombs one day came the city missionary with some tiny bouquets, a sprig of geranium and a bright verbena, and "Long Sal" looked at her wistfully. The missionary had not meant to give her one. Indeed there had been no thought that she would do anything but throw them aside contemptuously. But "Long Sal" eagerly took them and retreated to her cell, from which issued presently a call for the matron. This patient and much-enduring woman, who appeared in due time, looked with amazement hardly less than that of the missionary at the new expression on Sal's blear-eyed, sodden face.

"I used to have great luck with slips when I was a gal," said "Long Sal." "Gimme a bottle or something with water in it, and mor'n likely this bit o' geranium will live."

The matron brought it silently, fearing to add a word, and Sal tended her geranium with devotion, sending it out regularly by the keeper for air and a sunning. It prospered, and as it grew something grew with it. When Sal's day of release came she looked at the three new leaves on her slip as if each one were a talisman, and the matron said to her:

"When you are settled, Sal, and at work again, I will give you another plant."

Sal was silent, but as she walked away bearing the precious baby-geranium she cast back one look at the matron,—an inscrutable look that might mean a fixed intention not to settle down at all.

It is the truest things that carry often the most improbable sound with their telling, and so all are welcome to doubt the tale. But it stands on record that Sal, though yielding now and then to her old temptation of drink, remained faithful to whatever pledge she had made the geranium, which grows still, a great plant, every leaf cared for to the utmost by the woman who was once the terror of the Ward. She is not a saint even now, but she is no longer a terror, nor is she alone in the experience which bears witness to what power dwells in beauty, and how even what looks most helpless at present may through the ministry of nature in flowers be reached in ways of which man has not yet found out the knowledge.

GLADSTONE'S LATEST TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.*

It is Mr. Gladstone's conviction, derived, he says, from long observation, that the influence of the negative or agnostic spirit of the day has affected statesmen, "the class engaged in political employment," to a comparatively small degree. "Persons who are habitually conversant with human motive, conduct, and concerns," he says, "are very much less borne down by scepticism than specialists of various kinds and those whose pursuits have associated them with the literature of fancy, with abstract speculation, or with the study, history, and framework of inanimate nature."

However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Gladstone himself is a shining illustration of a statesman who has been ever ready to champion the claims of the Christian religion, whether in reviewing a book like "Robert Elsmere," entering the lists with Professor Huxley, or crossing lances with Robert G. Ingersoll.

Mr. Gladstone does not find that there is any disposition on the part of the world to abate allegiance to the Bible. "Indeed," he exultantly exclaims, "it has been simultaneously with the undermining and disintegrating movement that the religion of Christ has assumed more visibly than ever a commanding position in the world." Dwelling upon this idea he contrasts the Bible with the other sacred writings of the world. Its claim to authority is absolute. It takes no notice whatever of these other writings. The God it proclaims is the only and the universal God.

"It is supremacy, not precedence," he says, "that we ask for the Bible; it is contrast, as well as resemblance, that we must feel compelled to insist on. The Bible is stamped with specialty of origin, and an immeasurable distance separates it from all competitors. He proceeds in the following words:

"The Christian creeds, like the Scriptures as Christians in general hold them, teach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; but this doctrine of the Holy Trinity presupposes, and is based and built upon, the doctrine of the Unity. . .

"Not only did those Scriptures teach the unity of God, but they taught with an emphasis, persistency, and authority such as no other work of any period or authorship has equalled; and the doctrine of the New Testament on this subject is really no more than an echo from the doctrine of the Old. If this truth was thus taught by the Old Testament in the Law, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, to the Hebrew race, and that through a long course of centuries, while it was everywhere else at least and more commonly denied, we have only to take further into view the generally acknowledged truth, that it supplies the only foundation on which the fabric of a pure religion can be reared, in order to make good, as among the old sacred books of the world, not only the superior, but, so far as regards the very heart, root, and centre of divine truth, the exclusive claim of the Bible.

"I do not, indeed, deny . . that authentic traces of this majestic truth are to be found elsewhere in old books and old religions; but it is amid a mass of evil and

* From his Introduction to "The People's Bible History," reviewed on page 483.

ruinous accretions, which grew progressively around it, and but too rapidly stifled and suppressed it. This, then, does not alter the parallel and even more undeniable fact, that it is in all these cases traced rather than recorded, recorded rather than taught, and, if taught at all, taught with such utter lack of perspicuity, persistency, and authority as to deprive it of all motive power, to shut it out from practical religion, and to leave it, through the long and weary centuries, in the cold sleep of oblivion or under a storm of overwhelming denial."

In development of the same contrast between the Bible and other sacred books occurs the following striking passage :

"What may be held truly wonderful is that the Bible in a translated form seems not sensibly to lose its power. In Palestine, the Septuagint competed with the original Hebrew. In the English tongue, the authorized version bears, and has borne for centuries, the character of a powerful and splendid original. It has greatly contributed both to mould and to fix the form of the language. From Germany we hear a somewhat similar accent of Luther's Bible. In general, even a good translation is like the copy of some great picture. It does not readily go home to heart and mind. But who has ever felt, or has ever heard of anyone who felt, either in reading the English or other translations of the Bible, the comparative tameness and inefficiency which commonly attach to a change of vehicle between one tongue and another? Is it believed that the Epistles of St. Paul in English have seriously lost by submitting themselves to be represented in a version? At least it may be said with confidence that there are no grander passages in all English prose than some of the passages of those translated epistles. Such is the case of the Bible in its foreign dress. I am not competent to pronounce that it loses nothing. But it retains all its power to pierce the thoughts of the heart ; it still remains sharper than a two-edged sword : it still divides bone and marrow. It does its work.

"We turn to the other Eastern books — what a contrast they represent ! Certainly the same opportunities have not been afforded them of operating through a variety of tongues which have been given to the Holy Scriptures. But Confucius and the Koran were translated into Latin in the seventeenth century ; and in English they have been accessible for more than one generation. They each assumed a German dress more than a century ago. The presentation of these books in the mass to the modern world is, of course, too recent to be dwelt upon. But the earlier facts show that, had these books been gifted with any of that energetic vitality which belongs to the Bible, a beginning of its manifestation would long ago have been made ; whereas there is not a sign that any one of them is likely to exercise, beyond its own traditional borders, any sensible or widespread influence. They appear to sink into a *caput mortuum*, a dead letter. It is a sublime prerogative of the Holy Bible thus to reverse the curse of Babel. They, and they alone, supply the entire family of man with a medium both for their profoundest thoughts and for their most vivid sympathies which is alike available for all ; and once more, in a certain and that no mean sense (so far, that is to say, as the work of language is concerned), they make the whole earth to be of one speech."

The following are the concluding words of Mr. Gladstone's recent article on the Bible :

"Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this : amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the marketplace, where every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still, small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day ;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.*

THERE are great centripetal forces at work in the world which are drawing the states, and nations, and churches, and peoples closer together. The time was when every tribe and clan was a very Ishmael—at war with every other. Later we have such federations as the Saxon Heptarchy, the Provinces of France, the Duchies and Grand Duchies of Germany. The progress of integration has gone on till we have a united Italy, the German Empire, an American Union, a federated Canada. An inevitable destiny, we think, is leading to the unifying of the British Empire, and, let us hope, the federation of all English-speaking peoples. We hear much of Pan-Slavism, Pan-Latinism and Pan-Teutonism. These are prophecies of Pan-Britonism.

In the volume under review Dr. Parkin points out not only the manifest advantages but the urgent need for the defence of the Empire, and especially of its outlying members, of such Federation. Our own country has witnessed the development within a generation from a string of disconnected colonies to a great federation, covering half a continent, knit together by commercial, political and social ties. Australia and South Africa are approaching such integration. These great sub-kingdoms are not isolated communities, but are closely connected by the silken bonds of commerce which are growing stronger every year.

Melbourne has grown in fifty years from a village of 1,000 inhabitants to a city of 500,000. Australian commerce now equals that of the United Kingdom of fifty years ago.

Of the 38,000 steamships which passed through the Suez Canal in 1891, seventy-eight per cent. were British and eighty-two per cent. of the tonnage; only three ships were American. The foreign commerce of the United Kingdom in 1837 was £210.000,000, and in fifty years it expanded to nearly £1,200,000,000. Canada's commercial navy now ranks fourth in the world. These facts create a more imperious necessity that Britannia shall still rule the waves. Her many colonies will furnish her with friends and allies, with harbours and coal depôts on every shore.

It was a significant fact that Australian volunteers and Canadian voyageurs toiled side by side on the Upper Nile on behalf of the Motherland. The bust of a Canadian premier and the memorial tablet of an Australian statesman are grouped with the tombs of Wellington and Nelson beneath the dome of St. Paul.

"To the Christian, the moralist, the philanthropist," says Dr. Parkin, "no inspiration could be greater than that which might well spring from observing the growing strength of the Empire, and from reflection that this immense energy might be turned in directions which would make for the world's good."

The sons of the United Empire Loyalists may well cherish the noble ideal for which their fathers suffered expatriation. "Most of them," says Mr. Lecky, "ended their days in poverty and exile, and, as the supporters of a beaten cause, history has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, but they comprised some of the best and ablest men America has ever produced, and they were contending for an ideal which was, at least, as worthy as that for which Washington had fought."

The existence of French Canada is no bar to the federation of the Empire. It is the boast of Montalembert that the Frenchmen in Canada attained a liberty which the Frenchmen in France never knew. "A happier calamity," says Parkman, "never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by British arms."

The position of Australia presents equal cogent reasons in favour of federation. Its population is more purely British than that of any other country occupied by Anglo-Saxon people. Ninety-five per cent. of the inhabitants are of British origin. Nine-tenths of all its products it cannot use, and nine-tenths of all its needs it cannot raise. For the sale of its raw products it is absolutely dependent on free access to the British market. Some of the more bumptious colonists desire independence, but that would entail an enormous cost for defence without any adequate advantage.

British possessions in South Africa, which have already grown to continental dimensions, need the protection of the Empire. Between the years 1793 and 1797, when the French held the Isle of France and Bourbon, no less than

* "Imperial Federation, the Problem of National Unity." By GEORGE R. PARKIN, M.A., LL.D., with Map. London & New York: McMillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

2,266 British merchantmen were seized by French ships sallying from these stations, and this when Britain's trade with Australia and the East was trivial compared with its present proportions.

The fiscal policy of the federated Empire need not be greatly different from what it is now, although a British Zollverein is regarded by many as the true ideal. Trade follows the flag. The four millions of people in Australia take more British goods than the fifty millions of Germany or the sixty millions of the United States.

As to plans of federation these may largely be left to peaceful evolution when once the principle is adopted. Recently the influence of Canada, long ignored, has been felt in treaty-making both in Washington and in London. Sir Charles Tupper proposes that the members of the colonial cabinet be members of the Privy Council of England. With him agree Earl Gray, the Marquis of Lorne, W. E. Forster and others. Lord Thring suggests that the agents-general of the colonies should have positions akin to those of the ministers of foreign states.

Dr. Parkin suggests that conferences such as have taken place at Ottawa and Melbourne, bringing the statesmen and merchants of the colonies into closer touch and sympathy, should be more frequent. An Imperial penny postage, he urges, will be more to the nation than the strength of many ironclads in the stronger national sentiment, the deeper feeling of national unity which it would evoke. He urges also, discussion of the subject by chambers of commerce, workingmen's clubs, in the press, and especially the study of the history and geographical relations of this world-wide Empire in the schools and colleges.

"The cultivation of national sentiment in the minds of the young," he says, "on the basis of sound knowledge, historical, geographical and industrial, is not only a legitimate work, but a primary duty for the schools of the country. Especially is this true of countries where good government rests on the intelligence of the masses. Above all it is true for a nation which has the great birthright of free popular institutions, which has more than once stood as the bulwark of modern liberty, as it may have to stand again, which has traditions behind and prospects ahead fitted to fire the noblest and purest enthusiasm.

"By manifold agencies and influences, then, is the problem of British unity to be worked out. Our freedom, our national traditions, our institutions, our Anglo-Saxon civilization, are the common heritage of all. It is the business of all to labour for their maintenance and for their security."

Dr. Parkin will have a splendid opportunity, as the head of the Upper Canada College, to embody this noble ideal of British education. In the various periodicals under our charge we shall endeavour to promote the same broad patriotism—a loyalty not merely to our city, our province, or our Dominion, but to the broad Empire of which Canada forms nearly one-half, and to the Sovereign whom we love with no less ardent affection than any who in any land pray, "God Save the Queen."

In connection with Dr. Parkin's admirable book on this subject, we suggest the study of Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England," issued by the same publishers, and, for our junior readers, Adams' admirable little book on England's colonial dependencies, entitled "Around the World with the Union Jack."

CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

CHRISTMASTIDE is a time of cold,
Of weathers bleak and of winds ablow;
Never a flower—fold on fold
Of grace and beauty—tops the snow,
Or breaks the black and bitter mould.

And yet 'tis warm—for the chill and gloom
Glow with love and with childhood's glee;
And yet 'tis sweet—with the rich perfume
Of sacrifice and of charity.
Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmastide, it is warm and sweet:
A whole world's heart at a Baby's feet!

UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENCE.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR ON THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have published one of the most remarkable books this generation has seen. Its author, its theme, and its contents alike explain the prompt and extensive notice which it received in the press. It has been well said that there are only two subjects which enchain the attention of serious men—politics and religion ; and here the leader of one great party in the House of Commons, a future Prime Minister of England, writes upon the subject of religion. In the work now before us the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour appears as one of the ablest apologists for the Christian religion since the days of Bishop Butler. This volume is entitled "The Foundations of Belief, being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology." It is very modest of Mr. Balfour to speak of this volume as consisting of notes. It is really a profound investigation of those preliminary presuppositions and prejudices which settle the attitude of men's minds in relation to the Bible before the distinctively biblical argument begins.

Sir William Hamilton was fond of asserting that no question came up in theology which had not previously come up in metaphysics. Mr. Balfour states the same truth when he says that "the decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers. It is not over purely religious controversies that the cause of religion is lost or won. The judgments we shall form upon its special problems are commonly settled for us by our general mode of looking at the universe ; and this again, in so far as it is determined by arguments at all, is determined by arguments of so wide a scope that they can seldom be claimed as more nearly concerned with theology than with the philosophy of science or of ethics." His object, therefore, is not to discuss particular doctrines, but "to recommend a certain attitude of mind."

The irrational and unscientific attitude of mind which he attacks has been variously called agnosticism, positivism, and empiricism, but he prefers to describe all these phases of infidel thought by the word naturalism. He arraigns all those persons, educated and uneducated, who assert that "the only world of which we can have any real knowledge is that which is revealed to us through sense perception, and which is the subject-matter of the natural sciences."

In the first place he points out the ultimate inevitable consequence of naturalism as thus defined. It is fatal not only to religion, but to morals, to art, and to reason itself. The frost of this kind of scepticism, falsely called scientific, will kill our ideals both of conduct and of beauty, and will destroy philosophy. It will be "embarassing enough to morality, but absolutely ruinous to knowledge." Everything that is noble and morally good in us will be dwarfed and beggared ; everything that distinguishes us intellectually and morally from the lower animals will be destroyed. When naturalism has brought forth its perfect fruit, truth, beauty and goodness will have become impossible absurdities.

In Mr. Balfour's own striking words, "If naturalism be true, or, rather, if it be the whole truth, then is morality but a bare catalogue of utilitarian precepts ; beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure ; reason but the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another. All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this." "The consciousness of freedom, the sense of responsibility, the authority of conscience, the beauty of holiness, the admiration for self-devotion, the sympathy with suffering—these, and all the train of beliefs and feelings from which spring noble deeds and generous ambitions," are "a poor jest," "a deliberate fraud," perpetrated by nature upon us in order to trick us into conduct which promotes the survival of the species to which we belong.

In brief, the attitude of mind which has been pressed upon this generation with such passionate zeal by such men as Mr. Mill, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer will, if it ultimately prevails—to quote once more the language of Mr. Balfour—"eat all nobility out of our conception of conduct and all worth out of our conception of life." It will, of course, be said by the illogical that many of those whose doctrine Mr. Balfour attacks are themselves beautiful examples of an intellectual and moral life. But, as Mr. Balfour at once shows, that signifies nothing. In his own striking words : "Their spiritual life is parasitic ; it is sheltered by convictions which belong, not to them, but to the society of which they form a part.

It is nourished by processes in which they take no share. And when those convictions decay, and those processes come to an end, the alien life which they have maintained can scarcely be expected to outlast them." Happily, men — even those who profess to be scientific and philosophical—are illogical and inconsistent. Many living advocates of naturalism are immeasurably better than their creed, but their successors will not exhibit this noble inconsistency if the views they advocate prevail and the existing Christian environment disappears.

Mr. Balfour does not stop when he has shown the hideous immorality of naturalism. He goes on to prove that it is as unphilosophic, irrational, and unscientific as it is immoral. Nothing could be more impressive or entertaining than the skill, wit, and thoroughness with which Mr. Balfour uses the weapons of modern rationalism against itself. David cut off the head of the boastful and defiant Goliath with his own sword. Mr. Balfour has repeated that happy feat. He shows conclusively that every argument by which the modern infidel tries to prove the unreality or the instability of the Christian religion, may be used with tenfold greater effect against his own boasted science.

This section of the volume reminds us of the crushing dialectic and delicious humour with which Pascal shattered Jesuit morality in the Provincial Letters. Mr. Balfour completely riddles the enemy's position. He shows that those who argue so loudly about the superior certainty of scientific conclusions founded upon sense-perceptions, simply do not know what they are talking about. Scientific presuppositions, foregone-conclusions, and postulates, are as numerous as those made by the Christian, and are open to the gravest moral objections, while the Christian presumptions are justified by the practical and highest necessities of life.

We have probably had no volume since "Butler's Analogy," which has so clearly demonstrated that every objection which is made to Christianity is equally applicable to the dogmas of its enemies. All this, of course, does not prove the truth of the Christian religion, but, as Mr. Balfour properly says, it is "more than sufficient to neutralize the counter-presumption which has uncritically governed so much of the criticism directed in recent times against the historic claims of Christianity." We have no time to dwell upon the exquisite style, happy illustrations, and epigrammatic humour which enrich the work. We can only refer our readers to the book itself, while we devoutly rejoice that one of our most influential public men has the ability and disposition to give so crushing a blow to unscientific science and irrational philosophy. It is a truly significant sign that in England, at any rate, the extreme foolishness of agnosticism is being found out.—*The Methodist Times.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

BORN at last! the great Messiah
Bringeth in the better day,
Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Lo! the star that leads the way!
So runs on the ancient story
Of the shepherds that strange night,
How they heard the quiring angels,
And beheld the wondrous light.

But the weary world still waiteth,
And the promise long delays;
Still the hope-star leadeth onward,
Over dark and dreary ways.
Oft the star itself shines dimly
From a sky that clouds obscure;
And the heavens lose their pity
For the crying of the poor.

The oppressor rides in triumph,
And the weak are in the dust.
Shall the evil always prosper?
Is it vain the hope we trust?
Peace comes not, but ever struggle,
Man his brother fighteth still,
In the yet far distant future
Lies the bright land of good-will.

But though long delayed, it cometh,
Heav'n is not born in a night,
Through the travail of the ages
Comes to birth the perfect right.
Never done, but always growing,
God unfolds His mighty plan,
Hark the far-off future shouteth
"Peace on earth, good-will to man!"

POLITICAL FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.

SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, K.C.M.G., M.P.

THE tens of thousands who witnessed from within, the hundreds of thousands who witnessed from without, and the millions who have eagerly read of the stately and unique ceremonies by which the Imperial Institute has been inaugurated, were the genuine representatives of every part of our wonderful Empire.

The Queen and Empress, not less respected than beloved by more than four hundred million subjects, here received, with her son and heir-apparent, the willing homage of by far the largest national "party" of the human race; and these subjects truthfully pride themselves that under her crown they enjoy a freedom more secure, genuine, and well-ordered than the liberty, so often degenerating into license, which is the lot of citizens of the new-fashioned money-ridden republics.

Yet this very Empire, to which the Imperial Institute has become a necessity, was, in its present character, actually non-existent fifty years ago. It is a fact that the British Empire has appropriated three out of the four areas within the temperate zones not hitherto occupied by civilized man. North America, South Africa, and Australasia have fallen to the British; only South America remains for other colonizing races. In reclaiming for the uses of civilization these vast and fertile areas, the British race has found new opportunities and channels for the investment and creation of capital, the development of industries and commerce, and the employment of population both at home and abroad.

So gigantic and rapid a development of economic conditions has, not unnaturally, created a proportionate sentiment and pride of far-reaching effect. The national sentiment is now centred on the Imperial ascendency of the race, and throughout all classes the idea of a great united empire has taken such hold that the barest suspicion of treason to that idea suffices to hurl from power the most influential statesman.

The idea of the unity of the race and the integrity of its realms, at one time the ridiculed dream of theorists, at another the impracticable scheme of too-ardent politicans, has become the first article in the avowed creed of every public man. At the last general election there was not a candidate but spoke and wrote of his absolute intention to uphold the unity of the Empire.

Imperial Federation is the catchword that has seized upon popular favour, and its actual, or technical, meaning has been lost in the wider fact that the phrase is merely taken to represent this idea of the unity and integrity of our great Empire. Yet, for all thoughtful statesmen, the phrase is the source of much anxious pondering. The question is constantly propounded: What can be actually done? What real, tangible work can be undertaken that shall secure the substantial realization of this great idea?

The history of the mother country in the past contains the only reliable indications of the history of the future of that mother country and her numerous colonial offspring. That history is the tale of successive developments, of a series of growths and changes, usually of such slight comparative importance as almost to escape notice. British history affords no example of sudden, new reforms, no magnificent paper constitutions, no brand-new codes and institutions—it is only a record of perpetual growth.

So must it be with the consolidation of the various component parts of the Empire; with the realization of the idea and spirit of co-operation and unity; with the consummation of what is meant by the popular phrase, Imperial Federation.

Working for this great end is the one overwhelming political farce—the popular will. This may be guided and stimulated by the historian and the statesman; in the press and on the platform; in parliament and in private. But it can only grow to be an overwhelming force by reason of its being broad based upon the true economic necessities of the case.

Statistics clearly show that, while of the total imports into the United Kingdom one-tenth only is manufactures, of the exports no less than four-fifths consists of manufactures. On the other hand, while of the total imports into India and the colonies at least one-half is of manufactured articles, of the total exports nineteen-twentieths is made up of foods and raw materials.

Such leading facts indicate the true economic relations between England and her colonies, and afford very substantial reasons for the faith that the public has in the Empire, and the determination not to fritter away that Empire.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A NOTABLE SCHOLAR.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who died in England recently, was a striking example of a type of Englishmen in whom are united the highest energy of character, great executive ability, and strong intellectual tastes. He rendered service of very high importance in three distinct departments—politics, the Army, and diplomacy. In all these fields his reputation was of a high order. He was also one of the best-known scholars of his time, dividing with his brother George a distinction which has made the name of Rawlinson illustrious the world over. Born in Oxfordshire, sons of an old-fashioned country squire, the two brothers, George and Henry, were destined, in the old-fashioned way, the older for the State and the younger for the Church. They were both sent to school at Ealing, and the younger, George, continued his education at Trinity College, Oxford, while Henry, the older, was sent off to Bombay to begin service in the Army. He was active, energetic, and faithful. He had the qualities which have made the English soldier a type of a good fighter and a brave man. He also had the dash which many young Englishmen have, and which bears evidence to the constant strain of heroism and adventure in the English blood. His famous ride of seventy-two miles from Poonah to Panwell sixty-two years ago was made in three hours and seventeen minutes. Not long after this exploit he was sent to Persia, where he spent six years familiarizing himself with many parts of the empire, rendering efficient service in reorganizing the army of the Shah, and, above all, making his name memorable by reason of his imperishable service to scholarship in deciphering the famous cuneiform inscriptions. It was characteristic of him that, four years after his famous ride, he was painfully, and at the peril of his life, spelling out cuneiform characters on the polished face of a rock between three and four hundred feet from the ground. Supported by a ladder resting on a narrow ledge at an elevation which would have made most people helpless by reason of giddiness, this daring young man slowly copied the inscriptions, unveiled the secret of the cuneiform characters, and gave a new historical science to the world. It was this feat which won for him the title of the "Father of Assyriology," and it is unnecessary to say that the work which has been done in this department is hardly second in importance to that in any other field of knowledge.

The man who had rendered this service to scholarship was, however, a man of action quite as much as a man of knowledge. At the end of six years he left Persia and became the British political agent at Kandahar, performing through the first Afghan war services to the English Government notable at once for their delicacy, their difficulty, and their danger. His name was constantly mentioned in the despatches from the field. But his heart was in his work as a scholar, and, putting aside an advance in position and salary, he took a humbler position at Bagdad in order to bring himself into contact with the material which he wished to study. Under the commission of the British Museum he superintended the excavations at Babylon and Nineveh which had been begun by Layard, and he copied and translated a great number of ancient inscriptions and sent them to England. In 1859, with the title of Major-General, he was sent to Teheran as British minister. In 1865, returning home, he entered Parliament. As a writer he was very much overshadowed by his brother, Professor George Rawlinson, but his book on "England and Russia in the East," in which he took the position that Herat, as the key of India, must always be kept safe from Russian occupation, holds a high place among books of its class. His London house was a museum of archæology, and to the end of his life Sir Henry was an enthusiastic student in a department which he had contributed so largely to create. So long as the English race breeds men of such temper and force its influence as a world-power will remain intact. — *The Outlook.*

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrong away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
— *Whittier.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The South African Conference — the youngest of affiliated Conferences — numbers 41,735 members, an increase of 2,441 for the past year. If the members in juvenile classes were included the increase would be 4,145. There are 413 day-schools with 26,091 scholars, and 428 Sunday-schools with 28,500 scholars. There are ten industrial and training institutions, and among the candidates for the ministry were ten Europeans and two natives. There are 172 ministers, twenty of whom are supernumeraries, with twenty-eight on trial.

More than half a century ago the Rev. John Ayliff commenced a mission among the Fingoes. About a year ago a memorial church bearing his honoured name was dedicated. The church will seat one thousand persons, and among those present many were ordained ministers and other office-bearers, descendants of the original Fingo refugees.

A missionary who is on furlough in England, Rev. R. Balmer, has with him a few Hottentot boys from Africa. He is holding meetings to raise funds to extend his mission among the Hottentot children in Africa. The boys three years ago could not speak a word in English, but under his tuition they can both speak in our tongue and sing well. At one meeting, in Leeds, two thousand persons were present and were delighted.

The published results of the intermediate examinations show that the Methodist College, Belfast, again stands first of all Protestant boys' schools in Ireland. The girls' school takes fifth place among ladies' schools.

Rev. Richard Roberts, ex-president of Conference, has preached during forty-three years of his active ministry 11,438 times, or 266 times per annum, giving an average of five times a week. Mr. Roberts is seventy-two years of age and still possesses the most buoyant spirits.

Rev. J. H. Bateson, superintendent of the Army work in India, reports 23,745 members, being an increase of 2,131 over the previous year. Five years ago the membership was only 13,487. If the present rate of increase be maintained five years more, more than half of the soldiers in India will be total abstainers.

Dr. Stephenson, of the Children's Home, London, has had under his care during last year, 2,500 children, including 500 who have gone forth from the Home. He has also compiled a hymn-book containing 252 hymns for children's meetings, church festivals, hospital Sundays, etc.

An ordination service of missionaries was held recently, when four young men were ordained for British Honduras and Western Africa. All had spent some time at the Missionary College, Richmond.

Numerous meetings in promotion of Methodist union have been held in Australia. The last of which we have read was presided over by Chief Justice Wray, Lieutenant-Governor. Among others who took part we find the names of Sir John Madden, Governor of Victoria, and Mr. John S. Larke from Canada. The meeting was attended by two thousand persons and was most enthusiastic.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst surprised and pleased the Central Swedish Conference at the recent session in Chicago, by using the Swedish language in the opening services, at the communion services, and in the ordination of the deacons and elders on Conference Sunday. Bishop Hurst says that he spent fourteen days in Washington searching for a site for the university. The one selected cost $100,000, and is now worth $500,000; $300,000 has been secured for the endowment of professorships and the erection of buildings. One woman gave $100,000. A wealthy Catholic gave $12,000. A nephew of Pope Leo XIII., a labourer, whose children attend a Methodist Sunday-school, gave $10.

Dr. Hunt, one of the agents of the Book Concern, when addressing the Conferences which he visited, stated that $120,000 was donated from the profits of last year to the aged ministers. He also said that one-third of the religious

literature of the last century in the United States is published by the Book Concern.

The Board of Education disbursed during the last school year over $70,000 in 138 different schools, thus aiding 1,539 students of different nationalities. All aid is granted in the form of an easy loan, and it is gratifying to learn that the repayment of loans last year reached $7,940.82, a sum nearly twice as large as any previous year.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South

Bishop Hendrix writes from Japan that the great needs of the mission are a first-class church on a choice site in East Osaka, also a suitable building for the Lambeth Bible-Training and Industrial School in Kobé, and an endowment for Kwansei Gakuin, our noble college and theological school which has one of the best sites and buildings in Japan. The importance of these three objects cannot be easily estimated. The Conference proceedings were shared in most intelligently by the native preachers and laymen, who hail the early publication of the Discipline in Japanese. They promise to be diligent students of our economy.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Sunday-school Union Committee has made arrangements for scholars to be examined in their knowledge of the Scriptures, and the Connexional origin, history and polity.

The motto of the societies of Christian Endeavour for the connexional year is, "A Society in Every Church." The number of societies at present is about two hundred, an increase of between seventy and eighty during the year.

Primitive Methodist.

A local-preachers' manual is to be published.

Ministerial associations are established in every connexional district in England. Recently, the association in the North of England met in Bishop Auckland. The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, entertained two of the ministers at his residence, and spoke earnestly in favour of union.

The Connexional Orphanage is doing great good. Efforts are being made to establish a home in London for young men who drift thither from the country.

Great regret is felt throughout the Connexion that the state of the Missionary Fund prevents extension in Africa.

Rev. T. and Mrs. Stones have sailed to West Africa to take charge of the Aqua River Mission.

The African chief, Khama, who is visiting England for the purpose of conferring with the Government respecting excluding intoxicating liquors from his territories, has been entertained by the Missionary Committee and has given much valuable information respecting missions among his people.

Bible Christian Church.

The Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist denominations have agreed to co-operate together in the metropolis. Where one denomination has a church the other will avoid establishing a separate interest.

The Methodist Church.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, now in course of erection, will be an imposing edifice, and is the third of the denominational colleges in that city. The cost of the stone and brick work alone is $40,000, and the total cost will be $80,000. By the time these notes are printed the college will be opened.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, who held a successful course of meetings at Guelph, are now in the Maritime Provinces where, including a visit to Bermuda, they propose to remain during the winter months.

The new College Hall, in Newfoundland, has been formally opened by a grand inaugural concert.

The Conference in Newfoundland reported an increase of 975 members, and also an increase of 642 scholars in the Sunday-schools.

The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland are making efforts to add $25,000 to the capital stock of the Supernumerary Fund, and have appointed Rev. C. H. Paisley agent to visit the circuits for this purpose.

Items.

Romanism is not increasing so rapidly as is often reported. There are a million less members in Great Britain than in 1841. There are only nine million in the United States. The strength of Popery is in its unity.

Thomy La Fou, a Roman Catholic coloured man, died in New Orleans and left an estate of $300,000. Over $200,000

was distributed among the educational and charitable institutions of the city. He provided for his own relatives and for the widows of a number of former friends. He gave $3,000 to the Methodist University of New Orleans, and also a block of ground and $5,000 in cash for the Methodist Old People's Home.

The wanton encroachment of France upon Madagascar renews the interest of the Christian world in the Malagasy and their queen. Like her predecessor, Queen Ranavanola III., she is a Christian, and Christianity is really the religion of the State. There are 1,200 congregations and over 1,000 schools in successful operation. The Jesuits are believed to be the cause of the late troubles. Like Tahiti, Madagascar is now a protectorate of France.

The centenary of the London Missionary Society was recently celebrated. The society is now largely supported by the Congregational body, though its founders were Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. When churches are formed as the result of missionary labour they can adopt whatever form of church government they may select. At the first meeting held one hundred years ago, fifteen ministers were present, but at the first centenary meeting, which was a breakfast gathering, one hundred and fifty were in attendance.

The children's gathering in connection with the Centenary was held in Exeter Hall, when more than three thousand were present. The hall was picturesquely decorated with banners, Chinese scrolls, and missionary emblems, while missionaries of both sexes and of many nationalities, attired in their gorgeous native robes, were seated on the platform. China sent nine, including three ladies, Madagascar six, India fifteen, Africa four, the South Seas three, and New Guinea and the West Indies two each. Salutations in various native tongues were frequently applauded; hymns in Hindustani, Chinese, and Malagasy were sung, and addresses were delivered by missionaries from various parts of the world.

Mrs. Spurgeon, of London, keeps up her work of supplying ministers of small means with good books. During 1894 8,403 volumes were distributed, mostly works by Mr. Spurgeon. She says that while recipients have been Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Episcopalians, more applications have been received from the clergy of the latter Church than she could fill.

Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in one of the lowest parts of Edinburgh. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley, surrounded by drunkenness, poverty and suffering. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the streets. The people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Samuel Laycock, of the Methodist New Connexion, died recently at Gateshead, England. During some of his latter years he lived in retirement. So long as health permitted he was a faithful, earnest minister of the New Testament. He was spared to the age of threescore years and ten.

Rev. Joseph Lee Fox travelled twenty-six years in the Methodist New Connexion, and retired at the last Conference. He was a man of considerable ability, and made many warm attachments. He selected Blyth, in the North of England, as his final earthly home. For three years he was minister there. Soon after his superannuation serious brain trouble affected him from which he never rallied. His father died from the same disease.

Rev. James Williamson, M.A., LL.D., of Queen's University, Kingston, died August 26th, aged eighty-nine. He was a native of Scotland and was educated for the ministry in the Church of Scotland. Since 1842 he was professor in Queen's. He was a man greatly beloved, and was of great service to the Presbyterian Church. He was by marriage brother-in-law to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, at whose funeral he delivered his last public address.

Rev. W. G. Pascoe, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, England, was recently called to his reward. He was a man of great purity of character and was made abundantly useful in all his circuits.

Rev. John Ridclift, of the Bible Christian Church, died in South Australia last July. He was a native of Devon, in which county he commenced his ministry and was instrumental in the salvation of many. In Australia he laboured as a pioneer, and laid the foundations of the Church broad and deep. He attained the age of seventy-five. One evening he retired to rest in his usual health and next morning "he was not, for God took him."

Book Notices.

The People's Bible History, Prepared in the Light of Recent Investigations by Some of the Foremost Thinkers in Europe and America. Illustrated copiously and beautifully, and accompanied by portraits of the several authors. Edited by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, LL.D., with an Introduction by Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P. 1,300 pp. 4to —9½ x 13⅓ inches, 200 engravings. Chicago: The Henry O. Shepard Company. Price in case, $15. Sold only by subscription.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the intense interest which is manifested in the Word of God. No book has ever been so widely read, so carefully studied, and so sharply criticised as the Bible. Around it for ages has been waged a strenuous war. But from every conflict it has emerged more than conqueror. It has been cast into the fiery furnace of hostile criticism and it has come forth without even the smell of fire upon its pages; for abiding in it, a perpetual presence, is the Spirit of the Living God. It has been the inspiration of all that is wisest and best and holiest in the laws and literature of mankind, and of the holy lives and happy deaths of believers in its sacred truths. No one has paid a more glowing tribute to this Book of books simply as a body of the world's noblest teaching, of its sublime poetry, its pure morality, its enthralling narrative, than Mr. Huxley, who cannot be accused of undue bias in its favour.

Yet this Book is far too little studied and known. Even those who study this Book in the Bible-class, or Sunday-school, or for private devotion, know far too little of its relations to the ancient races of mankind, of the manner in which it has been handed down from age to age, or of the light thrown upon its pages by that greatest of modern commentators, the spade of the explorer.

The design of this volume is to bring aid from every source for the better comprehension of the Word of God. For this purpose the ablest authorities in the whole range of biblical scholarship have been laid under tribute for the discussion of various phases of the comprehensive study and various periods of its history. While this method sacrifices somewhat unity of treatment it gains in wider range and more ample and more exhaustive discussion.

It is a curious example of the versatility and theological learning of Mr. Gladstone, ex-Premier of Great Britain, that he has found time to write a general introduction, prepared specially for this volume, of twenty-six quarto pages, setting forth the value of scriptural studies to the laity. From this remarkable treatise we give copious extracts on another page. We deem it a happy coincidence that we are able to present in the same number of this magazine such striking defence of Christian revelation from both the past and the prospective Premier of Great Britain.

Professor Sayce, of Oxford University, doubtless one of the greatest living authorities on the subject of Assyriology, contributes an article of forty pages on the literature of the Old Testament, and Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, contributes seventy pages; Dr J. Monro Gibson, of London eighty pages; Dr. Lorimer, general editor, one hundred and ten pages.

We have no reason to be ashamed of the Methodist contributions. Dr. Bristol, of Evanston, contributes seventy-five pages, and Professor Beet, of the Wesleyan College, Richmond, England, a valuable section on literature of the New Testament, and Professor Gregory, of Leipsic, one on the manuscripts of the New Testament. The most important section, we think, is that of one hundred and forty pages by Professor Wilkinson on the life of our Lord. The engravings are numerous and excellent, many of them full-page.

These are a few out of the many authors engaged on this work. Of this book Bishop Vincent says, "What Gladstone and Sayce have written expressly for its pages, giving the latest results of their largest knowledge, is enough to justify even the most cultivated people among us in the purchase of this admirable book, and the English ex-Premier and the eminent English archæologist are only two out of more than a dozen specialists who have contributed to the People's Bible History." Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Chicago, says, "Dr. Gregory, than whom we suppose there is no living linguist of higher reputation for New Testament scholarship, writes simply enough to interest a Sunday-school primary class."

The publishers issue a question-book of one hundred and twelve pages on the

contents of this Bible history, with page references. These books will form an apparatus for the study of the Scriptures such as we know not where else can be found.

The Higher Critics Criticised. A Study of the Pentateuch for Popular Reading, being an Enquiry into the Age of the so-called Books of Moses, with an Introductory Examination of Dr. Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." By RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D., with Preliminary Chapters on the Higher Criticism, and an Appendix concerning the Wonderful Law, by H. L. Hastings. Boston: H. L. Hastings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 450. Price, $1.50.

This title describes very fully the nature of this volume. Mr. Hastings, the publisher and author of about half the volume, has rendered invaluable service to the Church of Christ by his manful defence of the truth and zealous evangelism in the city of Boston. Dr. Kuenen is one of the most destructive of the so-called higher critics. He affirms that not one of the Psalms is from David's hand, although many of the eminent Hebrew scholars believe that he wrote from twenty to eighty of them. Kuenen is equally reckless in his conclusions as to the authorship of the Pentateuch. Dr. Stebbins, like William Spiers, whose book we reviewed last month, traverses these conclusions and vigorously maintains the conservative and orthodox point of view.

Mr. Hastings' treatment of the same subject is more popular in its character and is a vigorous defence of the "impregnable rock of Holy Scripture"—a refutation of many attacks upon its veracity, and an exposure of the shallow criticism on "the mistakes of Moses" by showing the mistakes of the critics and the historic corroboration of the world's great lawgiver.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. New York: MacMillan & Co, Toronto: Toronto News Company.

This is rather a disappointing book. We expect something much better from the author of "Marcella" and "David Grieve." This is a sombre not to say gloomy narrative. It describes the vulgar theft of money from a squalid miser by his feather-headed niece. Its moral, if it has any, is its illustration of the benumbed influence of the drink habit on the conscience.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1896.

WE think that a glance at the announcement of the 43rd and 44th volumes of the MAGAZINE will indicate that it is the best we think we have ever made. The splendidly illustrated articles on "Britain's Keys of Empire," "Around the World with the Union Jack," and "The Greater Britain of the Southern Seas," with several papers on our own great Dominion, will give it a patriotic character that should appeal to the patronage of every loyal Canadian. The articles on "Every Day Life in Bible Lands" will throw much light on many passages of Holy Scripture. Its stories of the heroism and romance of missions, its character-studies of the men and women who have moulded history, its sketches of social and moral reform, and its papers on Popular Science will furnish instructive reading to all classes.

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